

November 2, 2005

# The Other Herald

## Sun Times Colonist Gazette

Yesterday's News Today Since 1876



### Stock Market Soars!

No End in Sight For Triumph of Capitalism

Snooty Bottomsworth, Economist for Hire

With the Great War some time behind us, Americans from all walks of life are beginning to feel the financial boom, and they're feeling it in their wallets. Increasing wages, falling product prices, exploding standards of living, and falling inflation rates have given the Americans purchasing power unseen ever in the history of capitalism. In particular the invention of credit, the ability to buy now and pay later, has resulted in mad consumption, which has left old Europe weeping with jealousy.

The greatest part about this trend? There is no end in sight!

"All indications point to continuous growth," said World Economist I.W. Reevey. "But that's not going to bring my leg back now, is it?"

Still, the government is encouraging everyone to spend all they can. Fill up your credit cards, buy on margin, save nothing, spend everything! The bubble will never burst. And, of course, don't forget to sink

Continued on Page 5



### Third Railroad Sold

Possible purchase of a fourth for Monopoly

Four-Finger Ferguson, OHSTCG Investigator

Local tycoon, M. R. Monopoly, has purchased the Baltimore & Ohio Railway Company, adding to a portfolio that already includes the Reading and Pennsylvania Railroads. Critics have cast a kitten on the whole hootenanny, claiming it threatens the tenuous new "laissez-faire" free-market system of economics with one man now owning three of the four major railroads.

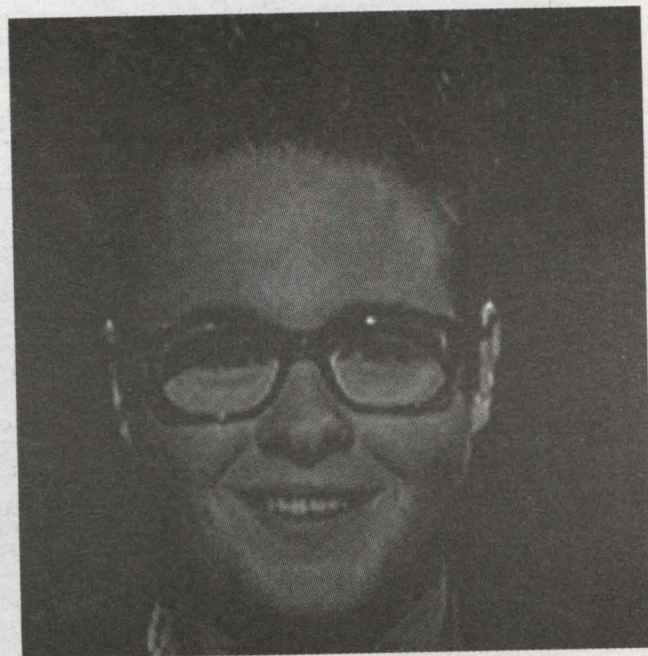
Though Monopoly wouldn't say how much he paid, insiders have reported that the purchase was made for a cool 200 rubes.

"I won't lie, see," Monopoly told this scribe, "but I put some heavy sugar on this, see, and this sockdollager is so hot, it's making my monocle steam up."

Originally a thimble and iron salesman, Monopoly worked his way up into boot sales before making it big in the pewter trade. "You've got to know your onions to make rubes in pewter," he said, "and if you don't iron out the wrinkles, you won't have a top hat to piss in." Monopoly took the \$1500 he made on the burgeoning stock market and flipped it into the purchase of Reading Railroad and Pennsylvania Railroad.

Monopoly plans to use the B&O Railroad to extend his rail lines, which currently runs from Mediterranean

Continued on Page 5



### Flagpole Sitter A Sure Bet For Stardom

Harvey Danger ready to sit from such great heights

Four-Finger Ferguson

Vancouver crazy man, Harvey Danger, is set to attempt a world record for longest duration atop a flagpole. The ram-bunctious young chap plans to stay 50 feet above ground for 11 weeks, which would shatter the previous record of seven weeks, held by Natalie Imbruglia, who currently works as a lady of the night. Asked between clients how she feels about it, Imbruglia replied: "I'm torn."

What drives a man to such insane heights?

"Well," the quiet and seemingly contented 23-year-old said, "I've been around the world and found that only stupid people are breeding, the cretins cloning and feeding, and I don't even own a radio."

Apparently miffed with world venture, the longtime Seattle resident and newly landed immigrant has felt balled up and out of sorts. With all the spare time he's had since his dismissal from the East Vancouver Cannery, Danger needed something to do. He decided on bringing world acclaim to the municipality of Vancouver.

"I'm a heeler, so a dance marathon was out of the question," he said. "And I heard about Natalie Imbruglia's record setting sit down in the province of South Australia. I thought, 'why not?'"

Other attempts at instant fame have come and gone with little-to-no fanfare: John Semisonic's memorable drive to

Continued on Page 5



# THE OTHER PRESS

The Other Press  
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The Other Press is Douglas College's autonomous  
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The Other Press is run by a collective and is pub-  
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(CUP), a cooperative of student newspapers from  
across Canada. We adhere to CUP's Statement of  
Common Principles and Code of Ethics—except  
when it suits us not to. The Other Press reserves  
the right to choose what to publish, and will not  
publish material that is racist, sexist, or homopho-  
bic. Submissions may be edited for clarity and  
brevity if necessary.

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November 2, 2005

## 1920's Slang Dictionary. Compiled by: Ethel Dillingsworth, OP Local Bearcat

**A**  
all wet: incorrect  
ankle: to walk, i.e.. "Let's  
ankle!"  
apple sauce: flattery, nonsense,  
i.e. "Aw, apple sauce!"

**B**  
balled up: confused, messed up  
Bank's closed: no kissing or  
making out i.e. "Sorry, Mac,  
bank's closed."  
bearcat: a hot-blooded or fiery  
girl  
beat one's gums: idle chatter  
bee's knee's: terrific; a fad  
expression  
bent: drunk  
big cheese: important person  
blotto: drunk, especially to an  
extreme  
bubs: breasts  
bug-eyed Betty: an unattractive  
girl, student  
bum's rush, the: ejection by  
force from an establishment  
Butt me: I'll take a cigarette

**C**  
cake-eater: a lady's man  
cat's meow: great, also "cat's  
pajamas" and "cat's whiskers"

cash: a kiss  
Cash or check?: Do we kiss  
now or later?  
cast a kitten: to have a fit. Used  
in both humorous and serious  
situations  
check: Kiss me later  
choice bit of calico: attractive  
female, student  
chunk of lead: an unattractive  
female, student  
ciggys: cigarette  
coffin varnish: bootleg liquor,  
often poisonous  
crasher: a person who attends a  
party uninvited

**D**  
darb: a great person or thing.  
"That movie was darb"  
dewdropper: a young man who  
sleeps all day and doesn't have  
a job  
dogs: feet  
don't know from nothing: does-  
n't have any information  
don't take any wooden nickels:  
don't do anything stupid  
dope: drugs, esp. cocaine or  
opium  
drugstore cowboy: A well-  
dressed man who loiters in pub-

lic areas trying to pick up women  
dry up: shut up, get lost  
ducky: very good  
dumb Dora: an absolute idiot, a dumbbell, espe-  
cially a woman

**E**  
earful: enough  
edge: intoxication, a buzz  
egg: a person who lives the big life  
Ethel: an effeminate male

**F**  
face stretcher: an old woman trying to look young  
fire extinguisher: a chaperone  
flat tire: a bore  
flivver: a Model T; after 1928, also could mean  
any broken down car  
floorflusher: an insatiable dancer  
flour lover: a girl with too much face powder  
four-flusher: a person who feigns wealth while  
mooching off others  
fried: drunk

**G**  
gams: legs  
Get Hot! Get Hot!: encouragement for a hot  
dancer doing her thing  
get a wiggle on: get a move on, get going  
get in a lather: get worked up, angry  
giggle water: booze  
gigolo: dancing partner  
gin mill: a seller of hard liquor; a cheap  
speakeasy  
go chase yourself: get lost, scram  
goofy: in love  
grummy: depressed

**H**  
hair of the dog: a shot of alcohol  
half seas over: drunk, also "half under."  
handcuff: engagement ring  
heavy sugar: a lot of money  
heebie-jeebies: "the shakes," named after a hit  
song  
heeler: a poor dancer  
high hat: a snob.  
hip to the jive: cool, trendy  
hooch: booze  
hop: opiate or marijuana  
hope chest: pack of cigarettes  
hopped up: under the influence of drugs

**I**  
"I have to go see a man about a dog.": "I've got  
to leave now," often meaning to go buy whiskey  
icy mitt: rejection  
insured: engaged  
iron one's shoelaces: to go to the restroom

**J**  
jack: money  
Jane: any female  
jeepers creepers: "Jesus Christ!"  
jerk soda: to dispense soda from a tap; thus,  
"soda jerk"  
joe: coffee  
john: a toilet  
joint: establishment  
juice joint: a speakeasy

**K**  
keen: appealing  
killjoy: a solemn person  
knock up: to make pregnant  
know one's onions: to know one's business or  
what one is talking about

**L**  
lay off: cut the crap  
let George do it: a work evading phrase  
level with me: be honest  
line: a false story, as in "to feed one a line."  
live wire: a lively person  
lollapalooza (1930): a humdinger  
lollygagger: (1) a young man who enjoys making  
out (2) an idle person

**M**  
manacle: wedding ring  
mazuma: money  
Mick: a derogatory term for Irishmen  
mind your potatoes: mind your own business  
mooch: to leave  
moonshine: homemade whiskey  
mop: a handkerchief  
munitions: face powder

**N**  
neck: to kiss passionately  
necker: a girl who wraps her arms around her  
boyfriend's neck  
nifty: great, excellent  
noodle juice: tea  
Not so good!: I personally disapprove  
"Now you're on the trolley!": Now you've got it,  
now you're right

**O**  
off one's nuts: crazy  
on a toot: a drinking binge  
on the lam: fleeing from police  
on the level: legitimate, honest  
on the up and up: on the level  
ossified: drunk

**P**  
pet: necking, only more; making out  
petting pantry: movie theater  
petting party: one or more couples making out in  
a room or auto  
piffle: baloney  
pinko: liberal  
prom-trotter: a student who attends all school  
social functions  
punch the bag: small talk

**Q**  
quiff: a slut or cheap prostitute

**R**  
Real McCoy: a genuine item  
Reuben: an unsophisticated country bumpkin  
Also "rube"  
rubes: money or dollars

**S**  
skirt: an attractive female  
smoke-eater: a smoker  
smudger: a close dancer  
sockdollager: an action having a great impact  
so's your old man: a reply of irritation (the 20's  
"your mom" joke")  
speakeasy: a bar selling illegal liquor  
splifficated: drunk

**T**  
take someone for a ride: to take someone to a  
deserted location and murder them  
tell it to Sweeney: tell it to someone who'll  
believe it  
tight: attractive  
tomato: a "ripe" female  
torpedo: a hired thug or hitman

**U**  
unreal: special  
upchuck: to vomit  
upstage: snobby

**V**  
voot: money

**W**  
water-proof: a face that doesn't require make-up  
whoopee: wild fun  
Woof! Woof!: ridicule

**Z**  
zozzled: drunk

### THE OP MUSIC CHARTS - Otherwise known as... What we listened to during the creation of this issue:

Nada Surf—The Weight Is A Gift  
Modest Mouse—Long Drive for Someone With Nothing to Think About  
Decemberists—Picaresque  
Okkervil River—Don't Fall in love with Everone You See  
New Pornographers—Mass Romantic

## SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

The weekly deadline for submissions is  
Wednesday for publication the following  
Wednesday. Letters to the Editor, vacant sec-  
tions, and "time-sensitive" articles (weekend  
news, sports, and cultural reviews) will be  
accepted until Saturday noon and can be sub-  
mitted to the editor at: othereditor@yahoo.ca

All other submissions should be forwarded  
to the appropriate section editor. Please  
include your name, phone number/email  
address, and word count, and submit via email  
as an MS Word.doc attachment to the atten-  
tion of the appropriate editor.

The Other Press is run by a collective,  
which means all decisions are reached via a  
democratic voting process. Membership in the  
voting collective is open to any person who has  
contributed to at least two of three consecutive  
issues. Those interested in joining the Other  
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Well golly, gee willickers, and gaping galoshes of green gumbo, it's the Other Press's ode to the roaring 20s.

We've all heard the adage, "The more things change, the more they stay the same." Well, we got to thinking about that, and also about what period of time we wanted to feature the latest Other Press Theme Issue. After a quick consultation with the I Ching, two visits to a Voodoo Priest, and several tealeaf readings, we decided it was going to be the 1920s.

From talkies to horseless carriages, stock booms to stock busts, Lil' Abner to Big Ben, the 1920s were a time when ideas were as big as the open plains. Prohibition helped make Al Capone and Murder Inc. into household words. Flappers were flapping, gin-joints were jumping, and cocaine had only recently been banned from Coca Cola. They didn't call them the "Roaring 20s" for no reason.

Babe Ruth had just been traded from Boston to New York; the Vancouver Millionaires had hoisted Lord Stanley's Mug just a few years prior. Silent films were giving way to "talkies," and ladies pinched while only whores used rouge. Women's suffrage (the right to vote) was a new idea just gaining momentum. William Randolph Hearst's newspaper empire made Conrad Black, Rupert Murdoch, and Canwest Global look like rank amateurs.

Stovepipe hats and sequined dresses were all the rage. Tight-fitting caps covered women's heads, while rising hemlines began to unearth the North American desire for smutty treasures. Good kids had been lost to World War I, and the coming "Black Thursday" economic collapse of 1929 was the furthest thing from Joe Average's mind.

But enough reminiscing, we've got paper to put out, see. There's gems enough to make this paper a real darb. The first thing you're going to need is the 1920's Slang Dictionary on page two. I don't wanna be a

Killjoy, but you'll be looking up words from time to time in this fine edition of the Other Herald Sun Times Colonist Gazette. If you see a term you don't recognize, don't get in a lather. Just look 'em up.

News starts on the cover this week, and you're gonna get the skinny on us prom trotters and the fine we've been issued by the torpedoes we've been cavorting with. There's also the Monopoly Railway merger and the News of Future, which features some great dame named Rosa Parks, the Douglas Woman's Centre, and body counts from desert climes.

Opinions is a real cake-eater. David Suzuki talks of turning Canada around, while resident Columnists J.J. McCullough and I.W. Reevely use their Point/Counterpoint columns argue about why we should love President Harding more, for his politics or his personality.

The Culture Section features review of *Metropolis* and *The Black Pirate*. There's also a real sockdollager on Django Reinhard, a letter from Flapper Jane, and Reevebuckle's ever-popular I Happened upon it at the Library.

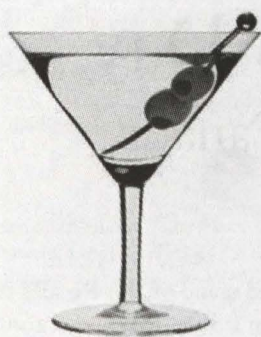
Feature will astound and amaze you with tales from the 1926 Philadelphia World's Fair. You'll also get hip to the Hobo jive with a debunking of the elusive Hobo alphabet.

Sports will take you from the Dames in soccer making it to the big dance to the tomatoes singing the blues in Women's Rugby. There's also Men's soccer and a tale from the Bambino's big trade to the Yankees.

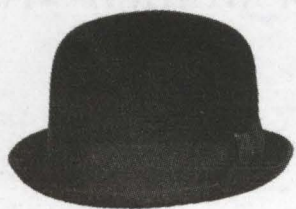
So cozy up to your favourite looker and kick up your dogs, because this week's rag is live wire. Now, if you'll excuse me, "I have to see a man about a dog."

—"Irish" Colin O'Malley, Managing Editor

## THE GREAT GATSBY OF CONTENTS



News 4



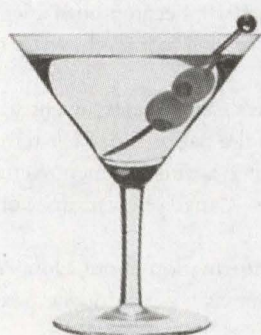
Opinions 9



Culture 12



Features 17



Sports 20

Last week, we inadvertently cited the wrong author in one of our news pieces. The article "Les Belles Souers" was actually taken from the Douglas College Website ([www.douglas.bc.ca](http://www.douglas.bc.ca)), and was not written by News Editor Nicole Burton. We feel just awful about the mixup, so we're sorry. Ed.



## Death Toll for US Soldiers in Iraq Hits 2,000 Number of casualties increase as protests at the White House continue

Nicole Burton, News Editor



The official number of US soldiers killed in Iraq since the US/UK invasion in 2003 has risen to 2,000 as of Tuesday, October 25. Less than a day later, the US Department of Defense responded that they disputed the number being so high, despite figures on their own website. The Iraqi Coalition Body Count website, which uses government statistics, also counts an additional six soldiers still awaiting confirmation of death from the Department of Defense.

While the U.S. government may dispute the details, there is general agreement—both among the war makers and those firmly opposed to the occupation—that the US faces a quagmire in Iraq. With recruitment quotas not being met, tens of thousands of US soldiers already serving extended tours of duty, and a growing opposition to the war—both from a grassroots anti-war movement and within the US government itself—the grim milestone is helping many draw their conclusions about the remaining 150,000 US soldiers remaining in the country.

A vigil began outside of the White House early last week, when peace activist Cindy Sheehan and others staged a “die-in” for the president to see. Dozens of people laid down in the street in a silent protest against the occupation of Iraq, a war that has taken the lives of 2000 US soldiers, and over 150,000 Iraqis in two-and-a-half years.

“There have been more US troops killed in the first two and half years of this war than there were at the

beginning of the Vietnam War. It took four years to kill 2,000 Americans in Vietnam.” Sheehan first became involved in anti-war organizing when her own son was killed in Iraq in 2003.

In contrast, the Pentagon’s response to the 2,000 has been that the occupation of Iraq has been a worthwhile. “It’s a cause that is worth fighting; it’s a noble and historic cause,” said spokesperson Bryan Whitman in a press conference last week. “And it’s one in which our troops understand the importance of the mission.”

Jim Phillips of the conservative Washington organization, the Heritage Foundation, agrees. “I think Iraq has been transformed from a threat to the United States and its allies to a potential ally in the war against terrorism. And that’s a big plus.”

Cindy Sheehan, among others in front of the White House last week, came to a different conclusion. “We have to get our troops out. Let’s do it before 50,000 more Americans are dead and before millions of Iraqis are killed.”

US President George W. Bush declared an end to major military combat in Iraq in May of 2003. More US soldiers have died since then under the US occupation than had died before it. According to the US Department of Defense, there are additionally more than 15,000 U.S. soldiers who have suffered injuries in Iraq.

For statistics on casualties in Iraq, visit: [www.icasualties.org/oif/](http://www.icasualties.org/oif/).

## Douglas Women’s Centre Celebrates Persons Day October 18 still recognized as step forward for women’s rights in Canada

Nicole Burton, News Editor

October is Women’s History Month, and students at Douglas College celebrated Persons Day, which has been recognized every October 18 as a milestone in women’s struggle for social justice since the 1920s, when women became “persons” under Canadian law.

The Douglas College Women’s Centres are located at both the David Lam and New Westminster campuses. Both provide a number of resources and services, and offer peer support for women students dealing with the stresses of daily life like school, finances, children, relationships, abuse, housing, and legal problems.

“At the Women’s Centre, we have space and facilities available for women to come and relax, and to be offered emotional support from their peers,” says Milada Schmidtova, a student assistant with the Centre. “Unfortunately, one of the biggest issues facing the centre right now is a lack of space.”

The Women’s Centre in New Westminster has created a petition calling for a larger space in order to deal with the heavy traffic of women going through the facility. It’s been signed by hundreds of students over the year. But for Persons Day, organizers thought of a creative way of rais-

ing awareness about this problem. Liz Wilson, another assistant at New West’s Women’s Centre, explained that, “On Persons Day we had an experiment to find out how many “persons” could fit in the New Westminster’s Women’s Centre.” While the room would only comfortably fit about seven or eight women at one time, “we were able to get thirty-nine women squeezed into a very small space!”

Students came out to the event through an invitation aimed at raising awareness among Douglas’ female student population that there are services and resources available for them on-campus, including information on women’s history and the importance of working for women’s rights in Canada.

There is a large need for assistance for a majority of students in BC right now, many of whom face rising costs in tuition and housing, and generally work minimum-wage jobs. Female students, especially, are looking for ways to get help—whether it’s with academic assistance, legal advice, child support, help with researching government funding, or simply peer support.

“That’s why we have a couple of groups that regularly

meet in the centre around some of these issues—including a stress relief group and an ESL conversation group for the College’s ESL students,” said Schmidtova.

Persons Day refers to the 1929 court decision that overturned a law in Canada that prohibited women from serving as senators in Parliament. Under the law, women could not serve as senators because, unlike men, they did not qualify as people. The Persons Case was the result of a long legal battle fought to overrule the discriminatory block on women’s involvement in public life, and, like the right to vote in 1918, became both a legal and political precedent from which women have carried on the fight for their rights.

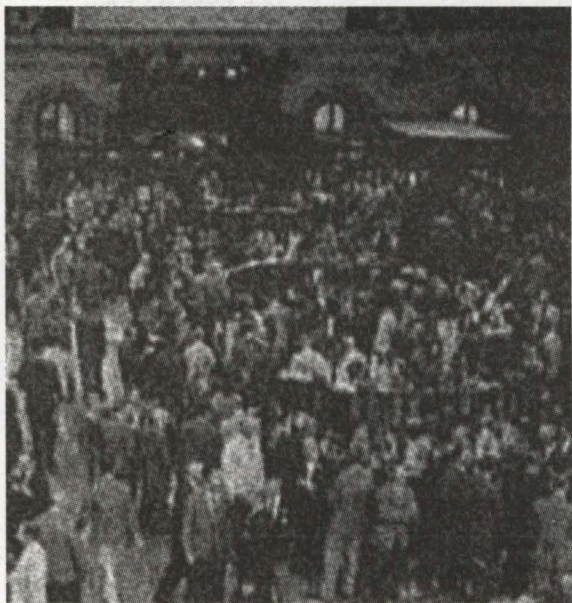
The Women’s Centre’s next event will be organizing for December 6 as the national day for remembrance and action on violence against women. Activities are being organized across Canada by various women’s rights organizations.

For more information about Douglas College’s Women’s Centre, visit: [www.douglas.bc.ca/women/](http://www.douglas.bc.ca/women/).



Continued from cover

## Stock Market Soars!



every red penny you have left after all that spending into stocks.

There is no safer investment than the one made when plugging your assets into the future of a thriving American firm. The way the economy is going, a return is assured on every investment. Why, I'm so sure of this, I hereby promise to jump out a window if the economy ever takes any strong downturn. Now spend!

Continued from cover

## Flagpole Sitter A Sure Bet For Stardom

extend his favourite bar's closing time indefinitely in 1913; Jesus Jones' 1919 non-stop novel contest, entitled "Write Here, Right Now;" and Meredith Brooks' attempt to "bitch" for 48 hours straight, which failed miserably in the summer of 1923 when a passing pedestrian punched her right in the pie hole.

Danger, however, doesn't feel that he'll be a one hit wonder. His only fear is not failure, but vertigo.

"It's going to be darn high up there. I'll be able to see as far as the redwoods grow, and I may get dizzy, so falling's a serious issue."

I dare say that should Mr. Danger fall, the people of Vancouver will be there to pick him up and regale him with wine, women, and song. Good luck Harvey Danger; may this be the first of many chances to catch you.

Continued from cover

## Third Railroad Sold

Avenue to New York Avenue, all the way to Marvin Gardens.

Concern has arisen over the last of the four major railway lines, the Cleveland Shortline Railway Company, and what would happen if Monopoly were to acquire it.

"If that were to happen," said economist William McBlingbling, "and he were to own all the marbles in the sack, well, I wouldn't even know what to call it."

While Charles Darrow was more than amenable to the sale of his B&O Railroad, industry experts believe that the Parker Brothers, Arthur and Mick, will be less willing to sell.

That matter, says Monopoly, is pure piffle.

"Those pinko dewdroppers aren't on the level," Monopoly said. "It can't take more than a few rubes and a drop of giggle water before they'll fall into line."

Asked if he planned to mooch a hooch of moonshine and send the Parker Brothers on a toot before laying down some serious voot, Monopoly said "mind your potatoes,"

before winking on the sly and saying "but now you're on the trolley."

Some citizens have expressed fears that should the Cleveland Shortline fall, Monopoly would be given full rights to extend his railways to the Boardwalk, a move that would be a shot straight to the community chest.

"We can't chance that he'll play that card," said resident and local burlesque owner, Timothy "Tits" McGee. "If all the railroads were in his possession, it'd only be a matter of time before he's erecting hotels and charging outrageous rates. And if he thinks we'll lie down in the tracks for that, he's off his nuts."

The Federal Bureau of All Things Un-Comely will investigate this latest roll of the dice and decide whether Monopoly's turn as railway baron is over. Monopoly has retained legal counsel and applied for a stay of proceedings. If it passes, he'll go ahead with future mergers. If it fails, he'll go straight to jail.

## THE SALVATION ARMY



Gen. W. Booth  
FOUNDER

65  
YEARS  
of SELF-DENYING  
SERVICE  
to HUMANITY

WHEN you stop to consider the far-reaching effect of this work—the thousands of men and women in the army who invest their whole lives in every corner of the world for the spiritual and social good of humanity, you too, would invest something to help to carry on—

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"SELF-DENIAL" is here—

Fall in line with these soldiers of Christ, and deny yourself too, by giving to this worthy cause

### Donations

may be sent to Commissioner Wm. Maxwell, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, or to the Local Corps Commander of your own town.

THE SALVATION ARMY



# The Heart of the City Festival

## Week of events taking place in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside

Nicole Burton, News Editor



The second annual Heart of the City Festival began last week, and will be running through November 6 in Vancouver. While festivities are only for a week, there are over 70 different events being organized, focused mainly on celebrating the art, culture and achievements of different communities in the Downtown Eastside - famous for its place as one of the poorest neighborhoods in all of Canada.

Organized by the Carnegie Community Centre and the Vancouver Moving Theatre, a number of events are emphasizing different aspects of art and culture. Featured are a variety of theatre performances, music, and workshops in painting, music, and making decorative costumes. Many of these costumes, along with flowers, piñatas, dancing, and music, will hit the streets this Wednesday in a parade to celebrate Latin America's Día de los Muertos, or Day of the Dead, a feature event of the Festival.

Heart of the City events that run through this week will be in our events section.

### JOU TOU

Wednesday November 2, 2005, 11:15 am - Noon

Strathcona Community Centre, Seniors Lounge, 601 Keefer Street  
Imagine Quebec, China, South America and Ireland sitting down for a session. That's the remarkable sound of Jou Tou. In French, "joue-tout" means "play everything," which is the philosophy of this group. As with the changing face of Canada, Jou Tou's members come from wildly different backgrounds. Jou Tou takes the best from each musician's heritage and blends the different traditions into a dramatic fusion, which represents contemporary Global music with a truly Canadian sound. A special event for our Strathcona Seniors. All welcome. Free

### MULTICULTURAL STORYTELLING

Wednesday November 2, 2005 2pm - 4pm  
Aboriginal Front Door, 384 Main

The Aboriginal Front Door will once again host for the Festival an afternoon of storytelling by local people from diverse backgrounds. Last year's event was by turns

hilarious and moving, but always sincere. The Aboriginal Front Door is an accessible storefront that assists Downtown Eastside Aboriginal people to walk through life with love, honour, respect and compassion for all things in creation - including themselves. Ongoing activities at the Front Door include Elder Capacity Building, Healing Circles, Arts and Crafts and Drumming Circles. Free.

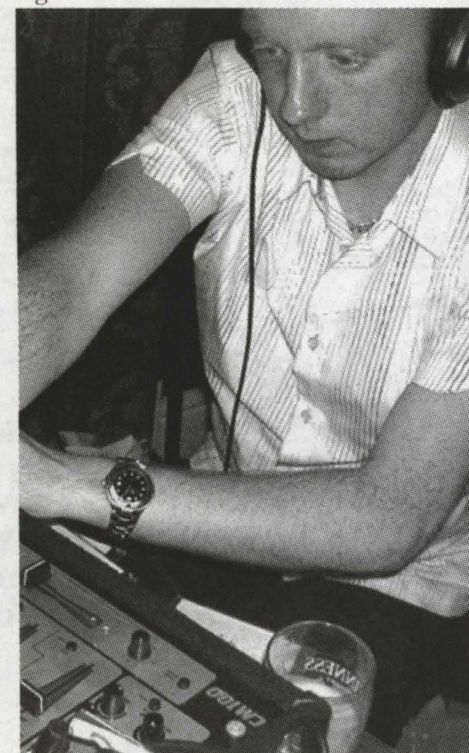
### DAY OF THE DEAD Procession, Mass & Celebration

Wednesday November 2, 2005 5:30 - 9:30 pm

St. James Anglican Church, 303 E. Cordova  
November 2 is All Souls' Day and Día De Los Muertos for Latin Americans. It is a day to honour departed souls with love, humour, music and pageantry. Everyone is invited to meet at 5:30 at the corner of Gore and Cordova to parade in honour of lives lost in this community. Bring masks, costumes, musical instruments, noisemakers, flowers and photographs. At 6:30, following the procession, St. James Church will hold a Mass for the Dead, with choir and soloists, followed by a celebration in the church hall with piñatas, traditional food, and performances by Isabel Ramirez, Alfredo Flores, capoeira dancers, and marimba music. Everybody Welcome.

### DJ MUSIC NIGHT

Wednesday November 2, 2005 9 pm - midnight



Radio Station Café, 101 East Hastings/Live Broadcast CFRO FM 102.7FM

Witness a spectacular event as tradition meets contemporary during an evening of celebration In the Heart of the City. Indigenous DJs and MCs jam along with

acoustic and spoken word in an event that will have you up out of your seat and moving to the beat. Pay as you can

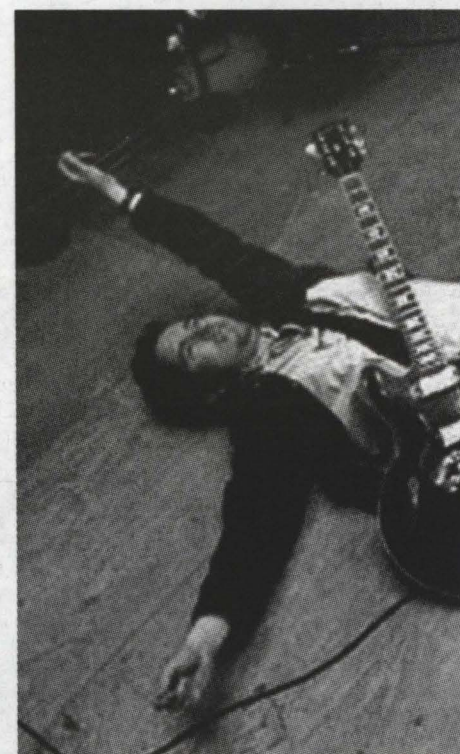
### HEART OF THE CITY FESTIVAL MUSIC SHOWCASE

Thursday November 3, 2005 9 pm - midnight

Radio Station Café, 101 East Hastings/Live Broadcast CFRO FM 102.7FM

This is the second annual "Heart of the City" Festival, and this heart beats strong. Keep your ears open 'cause CFRO, the little radio station that could, will once again be airing LIVE Music. This year's lineup will feature: Poco Locos, Alfredo Flores, Dave Botten, Heidi Morgan, Dean Obrol, Rick LaVallie, Stan Hudac, Mary Sue Bell, Dave Myers, The Heartland Hootenanny, Susi Hollmann, Peggy Wilson, and possible mystery performers. Ken Tabata is MC, with Mark Oakley on the soundboard. Stay tuned for all the skinny on this once-a-year Live Broadcast. Pay as you can

### THE SHADOWS PROJECT - Workshop Presentation & Roots of



### Addiction Forum

Produced by Vancouver Moving Theatre with Carnegie Community Centre  
Friday November 4, 2005 8 pm and  
Saturday November 5, 2005 2 pm  
Russian Hall, 600 Campbell - see link for details

### FIRST FRIDAY FORUM

Friday November 4, 2005 8 pm  
Japanese Hall, 487 Alexander  
Usually held at Nikkei Place in Burnaby, the Powell Street Festival and the Vancouver Japanese Language School & Japanese Hall are pleased to present with

Heart of the City Festival this monthly freeform exchange and musical program. In 2001, the National Nikkei Heritage Centre appointed Harry Aoki, recipient of the Asia-Pacific Foundation 'Heritage Award,' to initiate a cultural outreach program with the objective of sharing experience and identity through the arts and dialogue. Exploring how world music relates through the roots of ancient Persian traditions, the panel will also delve into the philosophy that influences cultures, briefly examining past and present colonization. Pay as you can

### OUT OF THE RAIN: A Project for Homelessness

Friday November 4, 2005, 7 pm - 11 pm

Opening & Reception

November 4 to 27, 2005

Gallery Gachet, 88 East Cordova

Out of the Rain is a multi-faceted arts project in association with the Roundhouse, LIVE Performance Art Biennial, the Heart of the City Festival, Judith Marcuse Projects' Earth(lings) Festival, and the Vancouver International Writers (& Readers) Festival.

The visual arts exhibitions create awareness about the root causes of homelessness in Vancouver and raises funds to benefit people living on the street.

[www.outoftherain.org](http://www.outoftherain.org)

### OUT OF THE STORM

Friday November 4, 2005, 10 pm

Performance

Gallery Gachet, 88 East Cordova

Gallery Gachet presents a lyric video performance by local (street-informed) youth artists.

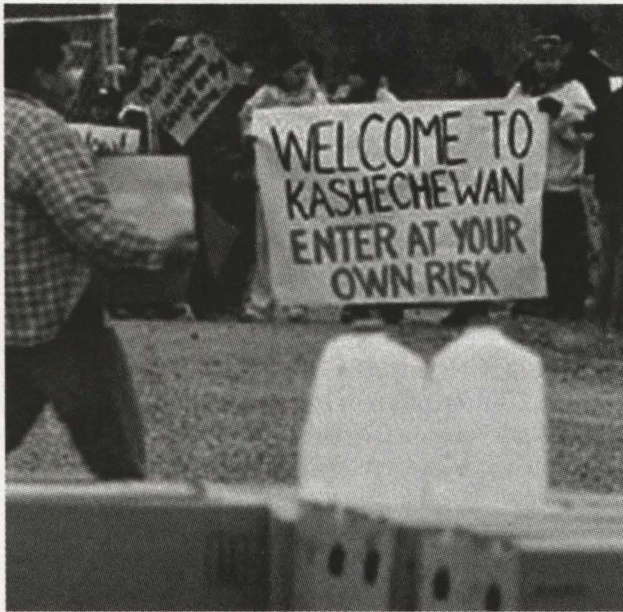




# Residents of Ontario First Nations Airlifted because of Inadequate Water-Treatment Facility

Evacuation sheds light on other desperate living conditions on reserves across the country

Dave Weatherall, Canadian University Press



TORONTO (CUP)—The ongoing airlift evacuation of 1,900 Aboriginals from the northern Ontario reserve of Kashechewan has exposed the inadequate water-treatment issue on First Nations reserves in Canada and is shedding light on the dire living conditions in other reserves across the country.

Two days after the beginning of the evacuation of the entire community to Sudbury from their reserve near James Bay because of the high level of E. Coli bacteria in the reserve's water system, just how widespread the water-treatment issue on reserves is exposed for public scrutiny.

The numbers are staggering.

Of the 858 First Nations reserves in Canada, 95 are currently under a Health Canada water-boiling advisory. Of that total, 51 have been under the advisory for over a year, while seven have been under the advisory for over five years.

While the majority of First Nations reserves in Canada under a water-boiling advisory because of high levels of bacteria in their water supply are located in Ontario, Health Canada spokesperson Chris Williams said there are an additional 44 reserves outside the province that are also under the advisory.

"We can't make the list of communities available until we have the permission from those communities," said Williams.

The total of 95 reserves is up from the 65 reserves under the advisory in 2000, despite a 2003 federal government National Water Strategy that pledged \$600 million to improve water-treatment facilities in reserves across Canada.

Ministry of Indian Affairs spokesperson, Michael Roy, said that while the number of boiling water advisories may be up, the number of reserves considered "high-risk" for their water standards has dropped since the implementation of the federal strategy.

"The number of communities in Ontario that were high risk has dropped from 61 to 51 since 2003," he said. Roy hesitated when asked why so many of the water-treatment systems on reserves that are considered hazardous are located in Canada.

"I would venture that there is a higher population of First Nations people in Ontario than anywhere else," he said.

Eva Johnson is familiar with the problems facing aboriginal communities trying to establish effective water-treatment facilities. She works for the Kahnawake Environmental Protection Office just outside Montreal and said the federal Indian Act doesn't provide enough money for reserves to meet provincial housing standards.

"We had to purchase a sewage-treatment system from Ontario for a new house on the reserve because we couldn't afford the one that meets Quebec government standards for sewage treatment," she said.

Because the sewage treatment doesn't meet Quebec standards, the house's sewage is now collecting in a septic tank and cannot be flushed into the nearby river because it doesn't meet provincial governmental treatment standards.

"We have difficulty understanding that rationale, seeing as the Quebec government okays dumping raw sewage into the St. Lawrence river because it is a fast moving body of water," she said.

"Squabbling between provincial and federal governments inevitably distracts from addressing the chronic under-funding of reserves when it comes to environmental and housing issues," said Johnson. The end result is an emergency situation like Kashechewan that inevitably costs more to fix than it would have to prevent.

"The cost of re-locating those people is going to be far more than it would have cost to build an adequate water-treatment system upstream instead of downstream," she said. "They need to stop passing the buck and starting

passing the bucks. We need to build sustainable communities in order to prevent outbreaks like the one in Kashechewan from repeating themselves."

The situation in Kashechewan is hardly unique in Canada. In 2000, 65 Aboriginal communities across Canada were under a boil-water advisory. Additionally, the Walkerton report—prepared after six residents died of E. Coli in the Ontario town—found that 22 water treatment plants on Ontario reserves were "high-risk."

But water-treatment issues aren't the only housing standard issue facing First Nations communities in Canada.

Wade Healy is an English student at the University of Calgary and hails from a reserve about 100 km east of the city where he now studies. He knows first-hand what the living conditions on First Nations reserves are like.

"My sister still lives on the reserve and she has mould all over her ceiling," he said during a telephone interview. "She's notified the Community Health Services several times, but so far no one's come to look at it."

Healy is also concerned about conditions in more outlying reserves.

"The reserve I'm from is relatively close to an urban centre, so it's usually not too hard to get proper attention from the authorities, but the farther north you go, the easier it is to ignore the problems, because they're more isolated," he said.

A Health Canada study conducted in 2000 found that only 56.9 percent of homes on First Nations reserves met federal housing condition guidelines. Johnson said a lack of adequate funding means housing planning suffers.

Health Canada identifies mould as a factor in respiratory illness and an irritant for people who suffer from allergies.

"Anywhere you don't have proper drainage, mold can develop," said Johnson.

She said a comprehensive, national review of the living and environmental conditions in all First Nations reserves is needed.

"We need a uniform standard for water-treatment systems for all reserves in Canada," she said. "We don't have that at the moment and look at what's happened."



## Rosa Parks remembered for her contribution to the US Civil Rights Movement

Nicole Burton, News Editor

Last week, Rosa Parks died of natural causes last week in the United States. Parks made headlines when, on December 1, 1955, she refused to give up her seat to a white man on a bus in Montgomery, Alabama. Under the racist Jim Crow legislation of Southern segregation, Parks was in violation of the law and was arrested.

The incident, and her example of resistance to the systemic discrimination against Blacks in the United States, incited other Civil Rights leaders like Martin Luther King to take up a boycott

against the Montgomery bus system that would last for nearly 400 days. The battle was waged with hundreds of African Americans walking across Montgomery to get to their destinations. When the 42-year-old Rosa Parks was asked how she felt about walking everywhere, she replied, "My feet are tired, but my soul is rested."

The Other Press sincerely hopes that Rosa's feet aren't tired anymore. Her courage has become a symbol to equal rights advocates the whole world over. Rosa Parks was 92 years old.



## Iraqis Barred from Visiting Canada

### Letter to the Other Press and our readers

Sherese Johnson, OP Contributor

It seems that the current Minister Joe Volpe, appointed by Prime Minister Paul Martin, will not allow Iraqi visitors to Canada under any circumstances. These circumstances may vary from accepting an invitation to visit their family who they have not seen in eight years, to an Iraqi citizen being invited by a non-profit organization to tour and speak about American conduct in Iraq since occupation.

A landed immigrant for five years and Canadian citizen for one year now, Mohammad Mohammad wishes to have his 65-year-old mother visit. He has not seen her in eight years. He knows he has to apply for a temporary resident visa for his mother because she is from Iraq, and the rules now stipulate that a visitor's visa is not sufficient for those traveling from Iraq. His mother makes the journey to Syria, where there is a Canadian embassy. She is denied a visa and told by both secretary and officers at the consulate not to bother applying again, she will only be denied. As her son Mohammad probes into the why's of the decision, he is told that immigration is not satisfied that she will return to Iraq once her visa expires. The security situation is too bad in Iraq to guarantee her return.

This reason also haunts Dr. Salam Ismael from accepting his invitation from the Canadian Peace Alliance to visit

Canada from Iraq. Dr. Ismael is General Secretary for doctors in Iraq, an agency that organizes medical aid in Iraq. The Canadian Peace Alliance hoped to arrange a tour for the doctor to speak out about the atrocities he is witnessing at the hand of the American army. The same things he was granted to share in the countries of Egypt, Holland, Ireland, Norway, Cyprus, Jordan, and the UK. From Canadian Customs he was given the excuse that he does not have sufficient employment to return to in Iraq, so they cannot guarantee he will not flee customs to never return on the radar.

Maybe Dr. Ismael should have a heart-to-heart with Mohammad Mohammad, who was also a doctor in Iraq before coming into Canada. When he learned Canada was going to sponsor him and his family, he met with an officer whose first words to him were, "You know you will not practice medicine in Canada." He assured them he knew that. Once he became a landed immigrant, he gained employment full-time at minimum wage to support his family, while he trained to gain certification as a nurse. As tempting as it would be for a man like Dr. Ismael to leave his post of helping his brothers and sisters in Iraq so he could join the Canadian crusade to provide superior serv-

ice in the hospitality industry, I somehow doubt he could entertain the possibility.

Even though Mohammad has the right to apply to sponsor his mother to come to Canada, she declines. After all, Mohammad's mother owns her own home and has a pension. Even though she has endured years of oppression under the rule of Saddam Hussein, she did not decide to flee Iraq with her son and daughter-in-law. She does not wish to live the remainder of her life somewhere she has never known. So, he respects her wishes and hopes only for her to see her Grandson, whom she has not laid eyes on in eight years. But this they are told, will never be possible. An attitude that does not seem to take into consideration that his mother is caring for her own mother in Iraq, and that her sister and sister-in-law have documented proof they will be taking time from their employment to care for their grandmother in her absence.

Maybe we feel we just "don't have the room", after all the American political refugees we are helping to seek asylum, but I get the feeling, that maybe it's not so much that we are worried they won't go back, as we are worried they won't have a place to go back to.

## Police Pressure Prosecutors to Purge Pestilent Prohibition Pariahs

Skippy McGuire, Ace News Correspondent

Dateline Houston—Special prohibition officers Claude Beverly and Carl Greene are quickly becoming big cheese numbers one and two in the prohibition racket. Last week alone, they sauntered through an east side juice joint and nailed Jim Waterhouse to the wall. After weeks on the trail of the "Near Beer Ninny," our boys finally flounced the real McCoy. The citizens of Houston can rest assured that his gin millin' days are over, he'll be taking one long ride up the river.

But while our boys are out there keeping America pure, there are still pockets of boozery known to the shady folk as speakeasies, being organized and run by the most reckless rag-a-muffins this side of Rochester.

The most vile of these lolly-gagging ruffians is an often spifficated bouffant named Rock Harrison. Rock has been on the lam from the law since escaping from state prison six months ago. When approached for comment, detective Beverly had the following to say: "Folks in America have to understand we're on a crusade against indecency. And Rock Harrison stands in our way. But if I know my onions, we'll track him down in no time."

This reporter was fortunate enough to accompany the crack prohibition squad on a bust and raid of a local hooch house. On the approach to the simple looking candy shop, it soon became clear that most of the folks in the streets were an unruly mix of ossified harps and zozzled spades. Our heroic detectives cornered one such Dumb Dora who had clearly been on quite a toot that evening. After pulling the password from out between drunk's lips, the long arm of the law was in breaking down doors and skulls till they found a dozen tubs filled with giggle water, the very same coffin varnish that had blinded Stephanie Wilcox's boy the week before.

While at any time, we in America may feel our morality is being threatened by some Johnny come Friday, we can rest assured that as long as officers Claude Beverly and Carl Green are on the case, America still has some hope. Case closed, Houston.

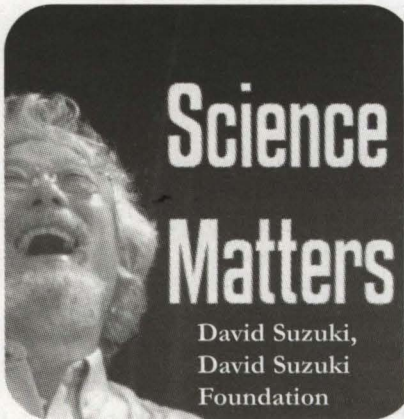




# OPINIONS

9

## Time to turn Canada around



If we were to invent a time machine, I would want to see what it was like in Africa, 100,000 years ago when our species was just born. If you have been to the Serengeti, you know how impressive the variety and abundance of animals are, even today. A hundred millennia ago, the diversity and concentration would have been far greater. In that context, the small groups of naked apes who were our ancestors would not have been very impressive. After all, there weren't many of us, we weren't very big, fast or strong, nor was our vision, smell or hearing very acute.

But we did have a special advantage—the most complex brain ever known. That brain compensated for our lack of sensory and physical prowess, conferring a massive memory, curiosity and inventiveness. And one of that brain's inventions was the concept of a future. Our ancestors recognized that they could shape that future by making deliberate choices in the present. Foresight was the great leg up that enabled our species not only to survive but to flourish.

We are now the dominant species on the planet, the most numerous mammal in the world and so powerful that we are affecting the biological, physical and chemical make-up of the biosphere.

And that is why climate change has become a major issue. It is astounding to me that today, with all the increased brain-power to give us greater predictive powers, we no longer use foresight as our forebearers did. For decades now, the leading scientists of the world have been telling us that we are on a dangerous path, that we are compromising the air, water, soil and energy by our activities, and that we are undermining the diverse creatures that make this planet habitable by cleansing, capturing, replenishing and creating air, water, energy and soil.

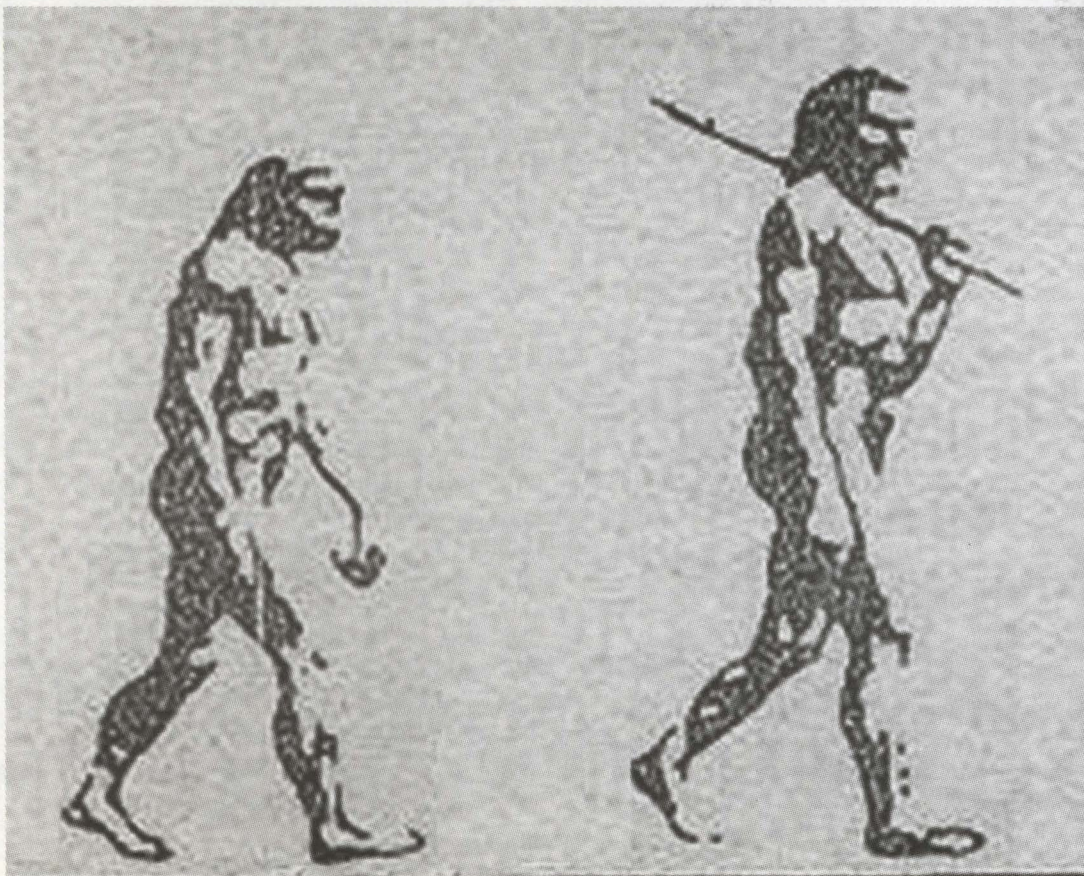
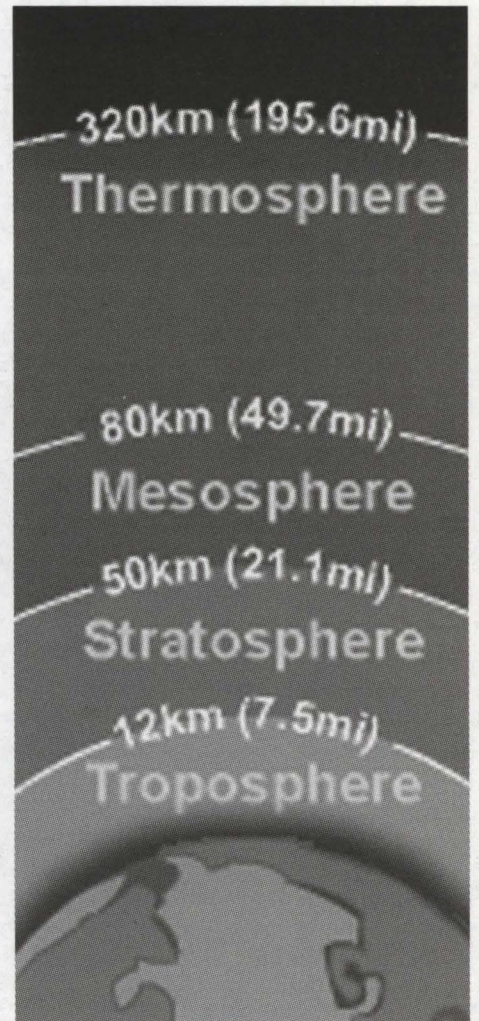
We are upsetting the atmosphere upon which all life depends. In the late '80s when I began to take climate change seriously, we referred to global warming as a "slow-motion catastrophe"—one we expected to kick in perhaps generations later. Instead, the signs of change have accelerated alarmingly.

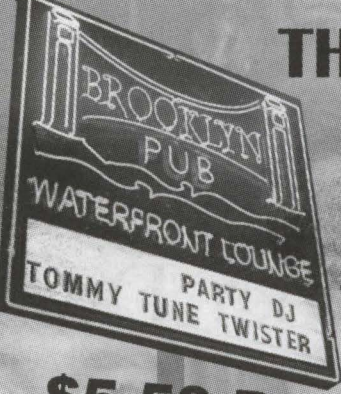
When Katrina hit, we saw the consequences of ignoring foresight. Scientists had warned of such a catastrophe for years. Even when the hurricane was forming, experts gave warning days ahead of landfall and evacuation orders were given more than 24 hours before. Yet the richest, most powerful and technologically advanced nation in the world failed to act on the warnings and we all witnessed the disastrous results. What is it going to take to return to the strategy for survival that worked so well for 100,000 years?

The terrible part of this looming catastrophe is that people have been working on solutions for years and have developed concrete steps to massively reduce our energy use, while stimulating whole new industries and technologies that are more efficient and affordable. Indeed, Amory Lovins' Rocky Mountain Institute has released a massive study showing that the United States, the greatest user of oil in the world, can reduce its oil needs by at least 50 percent while saving money and halting its dependence on foreign energy.

Detractors often point to the variability of analytic models and the lack of absolute certainty. Well, foresight was never absolutely certain. Climatologist Stephen Schneider of Stanford University says, "If the sandwich on the table in front of you has even a 10 percent chance of having food poisoning, would you eat it?" I know I wouldn't.

Yet here we are playing Russian roulette with features of the planet's atmosphere that will profoundly impact generations to come. How long are we willing to gamble? It's time to take back the critical faculty for survival—foresight—and begin to act as our ancestors did to get us here in the first place.





### THURSDAY NIGHT STUDENT NIGHT

**At Brooklyn Pub  
(250 Columbia St.)**

**1/2 Price appy's between  
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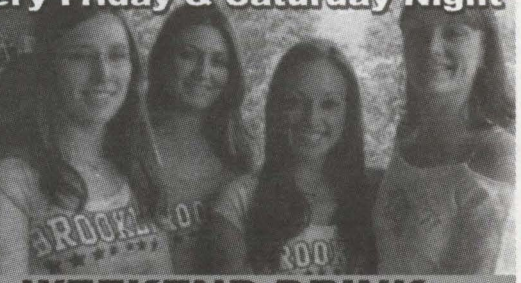

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**DJ TOMMY THE TUNE TWISTER!!!**

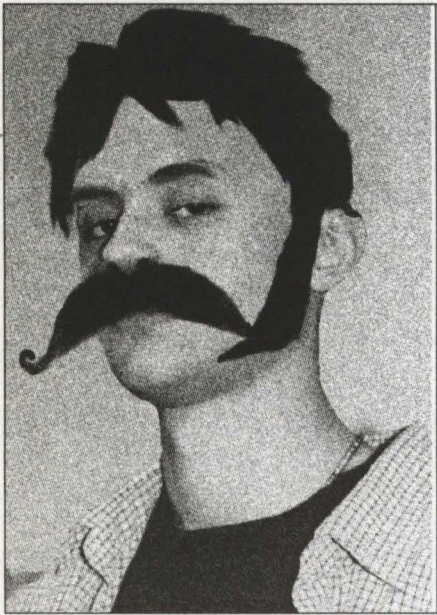
**Every Friday & Saturday Night**



**WEEKEND DRINK  
SPECIALS!**



# Point: Harding's Wise Policies Deserve Praise



Right Hook

J.J. McGillicutty, Political Haberdashery

Fifty years from now, when great men of letters are writing the tombs of history of the 20th Century, the figure of President Warren Gamiel Harding will likely loom large on their pages. At the present moment, the American Republic is uniquely blessed to possess a president of such immense political stature, wisdom, and valor. Though his term may be far from over, it is clear that the President's numerous grand accomplishments

have already earned him a proud legacy as one of the most able statesmen ever to preside over Christian society.

Citing a comprehensive list of the great man's achievements is quite a task in itself, so exhaustive is the selection. In diplomatic circles, to begin with, one may praise President Harding's tireless work in the pursuit of international peace. Showing the brilliant far-mindedness that has characterized so many of his proud deeds, Harding has negotiated extensively with all great powers of our modern world, from Imperial Japan to the Imperial Britain, and created many important international treaties as a direct result.

Chief amongst these is of course the San Francisco Declaration of 1921, a landmark charter which once and for all clearly denounced the very concept of foreign war as both "unpleasant" and "complicated." If this writer may be permitted to make a prediction, I dare say that it is all but certain that decades from now the 1920s will be remembered as signaling the dawn of a new era of centuries-long international peace and global stability. In the implementation of this noble goal, Harding deserves the lion's share of the credit.

But notable as these achievements are, the fair President's accomplishments go far beyond the mere realm of foreign relations. On the domestic front, Mr. Harding has not failed to equally impress the Republic with his bold agenda of progressive policy. His sharp tax cuts have proved to be an immensely popular, and therefore sound, economic policy, with many of the nation's leading financial minds lavishing high praise on the sophisticated "saunter down" philosophy of Hardingnomics. Clearly, the stones have been laid for a new "golden era" of economic prosperity to soon envel-

op the United States, during which both rich-man and pauper alike will be able to revel in a magnificent bounty borne by unrestrained capital.

Institutionalized compassion is indeed one of the President's strongest suits. During his tenure, to cite but one example, political funding to provide "well-fare" moneys to immigrant laborers and syphilis victims has climbed to an all-time high of nearly two-thirds of a percent of the federal budget. Similarly, his recent statements on the need to improve Negro/American relations are equally bold and heartening. Though he may have alienated some of his conservative base with his statement that lynchings are "not always" the most efficient form of law enforcement, his bold words nevertheless deserve praise for their remarkably tolerant character. Should the Southern colored man ever be educated to the point where local authorities deem him qualified to cast a ballot, it seems clear that the Republican Party would unquestionably be his voting party of choice.

Harding's policies have made the man a great titan of the political realm. His active agendas for establishing lasting peace, prosperity, and co-operation are far-reaching and permanent in scope, and likely to go down in history as some of the most important and memorable political developments of the 20th Century. To-day, when we think of America's greatest Presidents, the names Washington and Lincoln usually leap quickly to mind. In 50 years, will the name Harding become equally revered? The opinion of this author is a resounding yes.

# Counterpoint Harding's Sober Demeanor Deserves Accolades



(Slightly Less to the) Right Hook  
I.W. Reevey, Political Rebutter

I must humbly disagree with my well educated but, nevertheless, severely misguided colleague. While it is true that the foreign, economic, and social policies of our good, fair, God-fearing President Warren G. Harding are both practical and well envisioned, it is clearly his active social life and chummy connection with John Q. American that make him such a formidable president.

Born the son of a humble doctor and a midwife in small town Ohio, Warren—or Warry, as his friends know him—lived a difficult life that helped him connect early on with the average American. After attending college, like all intelligent boys of the day, he went on to rub shoulders with Americana as the manager of the *Marion Daily Star*. Facing stern competition from the *Marion Independent*, Harding not only bested owner Amos Kling at the press game but went on to marry his daughter. Now that's a victory Americans can get behind!

As senator for the state of Ohio, Warry realized that far too much emphasis was placed on voting and procedure in congress. To this end, rather than wasting his time voting on lame-duck issues such as women's suffrage, Harding skipped about two-thirds of these votes to go meet with his public. The man could often be seen socializing with his fellow man down at the local boy's club

while government was busy wasting time and paper.

Now it would be foolish to say that Harding was elected entirely on his good looks; it is reasonable to say, however, that when compared to Cox, Harding's a spring chicken to Cox's lamb dinner. The President and the First Lady no doubt fill this great country with an immense sense of pride every time they make a public appearance. And oh the appearances he makes! Whether it's spring-time golfing, bi-weekly poker showdowns, or taking in a Yankees game in his private box, the President is out showing America he plays their game.

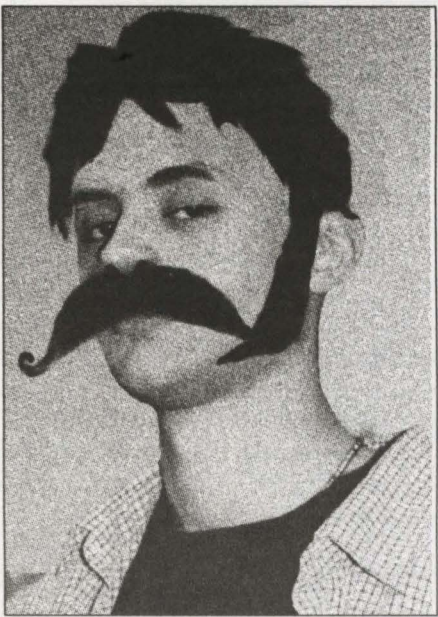
With this plan to understand the average American in mind, the President intends to leave next year on a Voyage of Understanding, to take his message to the American people from coast to coast to coast. He will become the first president to visit Alaska and will make a brief layover in Vancouver, Canada, to show those Canucks what a real leader looks like. His trip will no doubt be a brilliant success and will lead him further down the road to becoming one of this nation's greatest presidents.

They can't hurt you now, Warren! Keep on flying.



# Nice Women Don't Want the Vote!

## Women suffragettes are wrong, unattractive



Right Hook

J.J. McGillicutty, Equal Opportunist

nothing could prepare me for this latest scandal to rock our fair nation.

I speak, of course, of the disturbing advocacy for the spread of so-called "female voting." At present, this bizarre practice only exists in a few isolated, hyper-liberal regions of Earth, such as the Kingdom of Denmark, the Colony of South Australia, and the American State of Wyoming. Yet when you talk to the so-called "suffragettes" of today, you'd think it was the most mainstream idea in the world, rather than a deranged fad that threatens the very foundations of Christian society.

The arguments against female voting are so numerous and self-evident, one almost feels foolish listing them. Simply put, anyone even remotely versed in the field of modern phrenology is aware that the unique designs of male and female brains have left the two genders with enormously distinct character traits. While the male brain, with its impressively large knowledge receptors and well-developed thought organs, is naturally well suited to comprehending the study of fields such as science, art, music, literature, sport, mechanics, geography, history, arithmetic, and politics, the female brain, by contrast, is delicate and underdeveloped to the point where it is best suited for comprehending more leisurely pursuits, such as child-rearing, impregnation, butter-churning, and hat buying. A woman who attempts to understand the complexities of contemporary politics is thus putting herself at considerable risk of severe mind, hair, and figure damage.

One needs to only look at some of the Dominion's leading suffragettes for ample evidence that the female

form is not at all enhanced by a life of political pursuits. I need hardly mention that these women activists are generally all of a corpulent, plain, and altogether most unbecoming appearance—a tragic condition that is the inevitable result of prolonged exposure to the decidedly male world of brute politicking and partisanship.

But let us be clear; the true forces behind the women's suffrage movement are not the women themselves. The level of mobilization that such rallies and protests have taken on in recent months clearly indicate a level of sophistication that no amount of females, however man-like they have become, could successfully operate. No, I strongly suspect that the true leaders of this movement are the same left-wing intellectual elite (Jews and Freemasons chief amongst them) who in the past have saddled upon us such dreadful policies as the traitorous unionization of migrant laborers and the absurdly cumbersome (albeit temporary) wartime taxes on personal incomes.

In the end, I am sure the citizens of the Dominion will realize this conspiracy for what it is, and come down firmly against the unnatural, cruel, and blasphemous notion of female suffrage. Should women be granted the vote, the dainty, servile femininity we know and celebrate today may soon become a thing of the past, as women are slowly transformed into legions of brash, aggressive, pants-wearing politicians. I shudder at the very notion!

Gents! Do you part for the nation, and during your next Sunday dinner make it very clear to your wives, daughters, and mistresses—nice women don't want the vote!

In the last few years our fair Dominion has seen its share of strife and turmoil. From war in Europe to the fight against the savage Indians at home, the Canadian race is certainly one that has seen more than its share of troublesome events. Yet despite the hardships of the past years,

**They Meet Youth's Every Need**

THE mother who selects Hewetson's "Flexies" as Baby's first shoes is starting right. Doctors and foot specialists advise sticking to the Hewetson true-to-Nature last right through childhood. Boys and girls who reach adult years still wearing Hewetson Shoes have well-formed, healthy feet and so escape distressing foot troubles later on.

Hewetson Shoes are now made in all sizes from 2 in Babies, to size 7 in growing girls and 6 in boys. Thus boys and girls well along in their teens can still be wearing "Hewetson's"—shoes built to fit, to give long and comfortable wear, and to be always in style.

Yet their cost is moderate. Hewetson Shoes can be had at various prices, according to leather and pattern. The Hewetson Kiddie stamped on the sole identifies the genuine. Look also for the tag attached to each pair.

**HEWETSON**  
SHOES FOR CHILDREN  
"Made Stronger to Wear Longer"

The J. W. Hewetson Co., Limited  
Shoemakers to Children  
Brampton, Ont. and Acton, Ont.

FORMERLY 15¢  
**NOW 10¢**

**O'Keefe's DRY GINGER ALE**

REGULAR 15¢ Size **NOW 10¢**

O'Keefe's big Family bottle at 20¢. proved two things: First—that Torontonians appreciate a dry ginger ale of fine quality. Second—that fine quality plus a low price brings tremendous sales.

And those are the reasons for the present price reduction on the popular 15¢ size . . . now 10¢.

O'Keefe's Dry Ginger Ale has long been acknowledged a superior beverage . . . a great mixer! It retains its sparkle and liveliness much longer. It is the only ginger ale prepared with clear, pure water from the famous York Springs.

Made in Toronto by a Toronto Company . . . 100% Canadian Owned and Operated.

Mixes Well in Any Company

FAMILY SIZE	20¢
REGULAR 15¢ SIZE	10¢

Prices slightly higher outside Toronto Trading Area

**★ 100% CANADIAN OWNED AND OPERATED ★**



# The Culture Pages 12

## Metropolis (1927)

Reviewed by Vince Yim, OP Automaton



One hundred years in the future, there is a grand city called "Metropolis." Living above the ground are the thinkers, while living below the ground are the workers. Maria (Brigitte Helm) represents the workers and is trying to keep them from revolting until a mediator can bring the two halves together. But something evil is afoot. Rogue scientists are building an automaton into the image of Maria to cause chaos among the workers while keeping the real Maria prisoner.

The newest film from Germany, *Metropolis* is a modern masterpiece. Featuring wonderful creations for the eye to behold, movies have come a long way since an oncoming train chased us out of the theatre. But the film leaves us the big question. When can I get an automaton of my own?

I had a hard time understanding the movie's story. Why would there be a need for such rebellion among the workers? It's hard to imagine now. I even had to call up my stockbroker after watching the film.

This film is reportedly one of the most expensive films ever made. Considering that Germany is still paying out for war reparations, it's amazing that they were able to build this entire city from scratch. The film shows grand architecture, technology, and means of getting around. The music that was chosen to cover the background is quite impressive. I only hope that in the future, they don't replace it with modern music or even place sound in it. I also hope that the invention of talkies isn't going to ruin this movie.

I was especially impressed by the underground scenes. The flooding of the underwater city is amazing to behold and I would be surprised if no one actually drowned for real when they made the film.

Certainly, the future is certainly bright in Fritz Lang's new movie, *Metropolis*. Showing the world of tomorrow today, it shows a fascinating future not dominated by those awful "talkie" things. Those things are going to destroy movies as we know it. Darn those gall-darned talkies.

## Something About How Much I Hate New Orleans

Kevin Lalonde, Culture Prophet



There is a mythical place where many have never been. It is an exotic city, filled with age-old buildings, a sprawling landscape of wood and concrete, superbly succulent food, and one of the highest crime rates in our fair continent. It also used to be above water.

Do I speak of the lost city of Atlantis, the fabled city of ancients, long believed to lie deep within the ocean depths, far from any man's grasp? No, certainly not, for that is naught but a fool's dream. No, the city of which I speak is real.

And it is called New Orleans.

New Orleans used to be a beautiful city, and in some places—aside from the water damage—it still is. It can be argued that New Orleans is the birthplace of modern music, and if Chicago was the aunt of classic jazz, Dixieland, bop, swing and big band, she is undoubtedly their mother. From the time that Buddy Bolden formed his first band in New Orleans in 1895, jazz was the irreplaceable staple sound of the Crescent City.

In the 1920's, it was a hotbed of new, provocative noise; the lisp of the cornet filled the city, and it didn't take long for it to spread all over the United States. And ever since, like a moth to the flame, the entire world has flocked in ever-growing droves to the famed city for its po'boys, crawfish, and live jazz.

But as the city grew and expanded, the tourists coming to New Orleans were there less and less often for the food or the music, and more and more for the booze and the strippers.

When I visited New Orleans last summer—before it flooded, you know—I was amazed at what I actually saw. It was nothing like I imagined. Sure, the food was still incredible, but it was expensive. And yeah, the beautiful centuries-old buildings and immense public squares were still there, but you couldn't walk the alleys between them for fear of being mugged or raped (and despite the fact that I'm a guy, I still had reason to be freaked out). And, of course, there was still an abundance of great music, but it seemed hard to find a place to hear it without being in a sleazy,

Fresh milk — oh, gee!  
It's great—oh, me!  
You bet the kids are happy.  
And Farmers? — now  
You're talking — wow!  
That's how they get their pep!

ALL kiddies need milk. Most children like milk. Give them lots. You'd be surprised how great a part it plays in their development.

It's a balanced food—easily digested—appetizing, nourishing, delicious.

Farmers' Dairy Milk is exceptionally good because it is superlatively rich, fresh, pure and wholesome. The dairy from which it comes is not only Toronto's foremost, but it stands as a model in equipment and in the spotlessness of its interior for the whole of this continent.

Let the Farmers' Dairy serve you. 16 tickets for \$1.00.

**THE FARMERS' DAIRY**  
Walmer Road and Bridgman St.  
Phone Hillcrest 4400.  
Our Salesman Will Call Next Trip.

You can get a supply of fresh, firm Farmers' Dairy Creamery Butter as you want it by ordering from our salesman or by leaving a note in one of your bottles to have him leave you a few pounds for a trial.

Continued on Pg 13



# Speakeasy...





## Something About How Much I Hate New Orleans Continued

greasy strip joint.

Granted, that last point might appeal to a lot of the younger guys reading out there, but that's not the point. However, you might like to know that the French Quarter is the only unlicensed public place in America where you can drink open liquor in the streets without legal ramifications. Mind you, it has to be in a plastic cup, and it has to have a straw. No. Seriously, a straw.

There are twice as many strip joints as music halls. Café du Monde has a wait line the length of Stevie Wonder's legal bill. And the hottest place to hear live music is the

local House of Blues venue. And no, they don't play blues there.

To be frank, I'd rather take a walk with my family down the corner of Hastings and Main than roll out of a restaurant on Bourbon Street after 10pm. And while this might not seem like all that big a deal to most people in the world, it's meant to be an expression of my disappointment in my experience there. This wonderful place that once played host and home to some of the most brilliant and innovative musical minds in history has been turned into a loud, dirty, obnoxious, overcrowded hellhole. It's

damn-near impossible to find a nice, quiet jazz bar. And the street corners that once inspired so many mediocre Paul Simon songs now inspire nothing but a thousand-man hard-on every day.

This Friday, November 4, is the 74th anniversary of the death of Buddy Bolden. I don't know about the rest of you, but I'll be spending it listening to the Original Dixieland Jazz Band of the 1920s, mourning both Bolden's death, and the death of the wondrous city that he called home.



*"Custard for Mine"  
"Chocolate's the Best"*

BOBBIE and Mary each think their favorite flavor of Pure Gold Quick Pudding the best. To tell the truth, they're all so good it is hard to choose. And they are as wholesome as they are inviting.

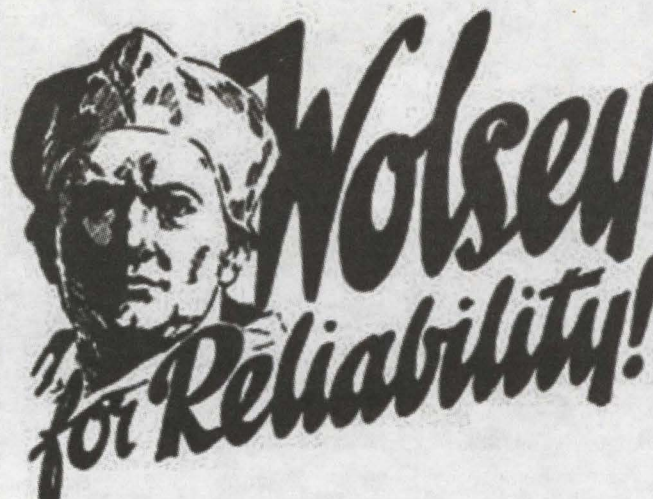
With Pure Gold Quick Puddings in the pantry you can make delicious desserts quickly without any bother or fuss. They will save many valuable minutes when you are delayed—or guests drop in unexpectedly for dinner or supper.

Surprise your family with a Pure Gold Quick Pudding some night. You'll never be at a loss afterwards for a dessert that will please them.

Flavors are tapioca, custard and chocolate, 15c. package. At all the better grocers.

Pure Gold Manufacturing Co., Limited, Toronto

**Pure Gold Desserts**  
**QUICK PUDDINGS**



Of all arguments for choosing Wolsey Pure Wool Underwear *absolute reliability* comes first

And *Reliability*, in Wolsey's case, covers warmth, and comfort, and health-protection, and purity of wool, and freedom from shrinkage, and enduring wear. It is just the reliability one might expect from the oldest-established, largest and most finely-equipped Manufacturers of woollen underwear in the Old Country. It is the sort of reliability that has made Wolsey by far the most widely sought-for brand of Underwear in the world. Once you realise from actual experience what that *reliability* means to you, in economy, satisfaction, and well-being, your one regret will be that you didn't pin your faith to Wolsey years ago.

**WOLSEY**

PURE WOOL UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR  
*The Best the World Produces*

Any Garment that shrinks will be replaced free. Sold everywhere in combinations and two-piece garments for men, women and children.  
WOLSEY Ltd 33 Richmond Street West Toronto



I happened upon it  
at the library!



Iain H.R.W. Reevebuckle,  
Information Dirt Road

## I happened upon it at the Library Phrenology

Well gosh, hi there folks and thanks for reading my swell little article here. My name is Bucky and I'm bonkers for the books that you can find at your local library. I, for one, certainly can't think of a better place to find all the best information from around the world. I mean, sure the radio is pretty neat, but at the library you can learn about what you want, when you want. Let's go learn everyone!

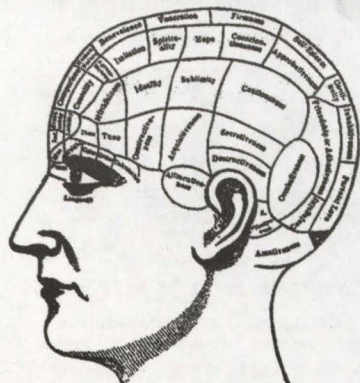
So while I was at the library yesterday I came across this neat looking book called *The Constitution of Man, or Elements of Phrenology* by George Combe. At first, this just looked like some weird picture book with all kinds of drawings of heads with lines all over 'em. "Gosh, this sure is queer," I thought. But once I started to read it, I found out that phrenology is an actual science. Wow-wee!

You see, phrenology measures the size and locations of bumps in a person's head and then matches them to patterns found in other's heads. This way they could tell what kind of bumps were caused by what kinds of traits in a person. Gosh, those doctors sure are smart. Using phrenology, doctors can find out if people are nice, quiet, angry, violent, or even crazy.

Well I sure had fun learning with you today, so, until next time, I'll see you at the library.

Send your suggestions for "I Happened Upon it at the Library" to:

Bucky Stewart  
Room 1020-4545 Jabberwinkle Drive  
Drinkwater, Mississippi  
63843



## Flapper Jane to Dearest Bill

This letter was found in a wastepaper basket outside the Other Herald Sun Times Colonist Gazette office:



Dearest Bill:

What do they know of risks? My mother is tied to her life with thick colourless stockings, and kept in check by my father who is resolute that as women, we are really just a bit silly. I am trying to register to vote and my father is outraged, my mother hiding behind stifled curiosity. Father doesn't believe that it is a woman's prerogative to understand voting anyway. Since, as you know, we are silly and "prone to irrational outbursts of emotion that have no place in politics."

I fondly remember our long drives to the country before

you left. How I yearn for days filled with as many a long drive as there are roads to drive on. I remember dancing with you at the jazz cafe. Yesterday after dinner, I smoked a cigarette as father looked on in abject amazement. Despite that, I have sat and talked with him through clouds of his cigarette smoke; he could barely sit beside me as I smoked our favorite cigarettes through that beautiful, long necked, silver cigarette holder you gave me before you left. As mother prattled on to hide the embarrassing tides of silence.

Talking of father's new job and the new car. New, new, new, and yet me as a new person is still too new for them. Mother is beside herself that I am frequenting Negro cafes and listening to "that horrid jazz noise." I just bought Louis Armstrong's new record. You would love it. I am smoking now as I write this through the fog of tears sliding down my cheeks as I think of you. How you would love my new haircut. Short, bobbed to my ears (which I know you loved so). Mother thinks it disgraceful. Father says that I am scandalous and can't imagine that I shall find scant but a thief or a crook for a husband, inviting all that bawdiness with my short skirts and a face made up like a lady of the night. If I hear Mother say, "Ladies pinch dear; only whores use rouge," again, I'll simply explode. They do not realize that I don't need a husband, that my word is as good as his.

How quickly they forget. I love you. That much of this is not a fad. The short hair, the fast paced lifestyles, this is life that we are living. That we are reckless in remembrance of the sacrifices our fallen comrades, our fallen lovers have made...that you left a boy and died a man.

I feel I must tear out my hair (or what's left) and show them this: That living is celebrating, not hiding behind a veil of tradition that oppresses the voice of some and shouts the words of another. That we are the new generation. That a war has found women irrevocably changed, and that we are better for it. Short skirts and all. I may be a flapper, a woman still bound. But that I risked love. That I know my life as my own. Bill. I miss you. I love you always.

—Flapper Jane

**The Dawn of 1922**

"All before us lies the way;  
Give the past unto the wind,  
All before us is the day,  
Night and Darkness are behind."

THE dawn of 1922 opens for Canada and for the world a new era of peace, progress and prosperity. Who can doubt it?

The dark years of war, of pestilence and famine have been passed and left behind. Who, in Canada lacks faith?

To the great principle of Mutuality—Mutual understanding—Mutual co-operation—Mutual protection—Mutual trust—humanity owes its real progress and true happiness.

What to her own sorrow Imperial Germany refused, the Great Allied Powers have joined to consider. National armament for war has become a subject for mutual understanding in friendly counsel.

That the Mutual principle in the dealings of nations will demonstrate its beneficence even as it has done amidst the ever-widening field of life insurance, is the settled conviction of all Mutualists.

To Canada and to all the world comes, with the dawn of 1922, a new meaning to the old New Year's wish—peace, happiness and prosperity.

**THE MUTUAL LIFE**  
ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA  
WATERLOO - ONT.

## The wage agreement at the Anthracite Mines expires August 31st

DON'T go through the summer with that on your mind—worrying whether or not a strike will make it impossible for you to secure your winter's coal. Be sure of next winter's supply! Order NOW from one of the following dealers.

### NEW SIZES:

A slightly different sizing of the household grades of Anthracite Coal has been put in force by the operators at the mines. The Egg and Stove sizes are now a trifle larger than formerly, while Nut and Pea sizes are slightly smaller.

### Toronto Retail Coal Dealers' Association

Conger Lehigh Coal Company, Limited	Wm. McGill & Company
Doan Coal Company, Limited	J. Muldoon, Limited
J. A. Harrison Coal Company, Limited	The Elias Rogers Company, Limited
Harrold's Coal Co.	F. Rogers & Company
J. Kendle & Company	Rogerson Coal Company
	The Standard Fuel Company of Toronto, Limited

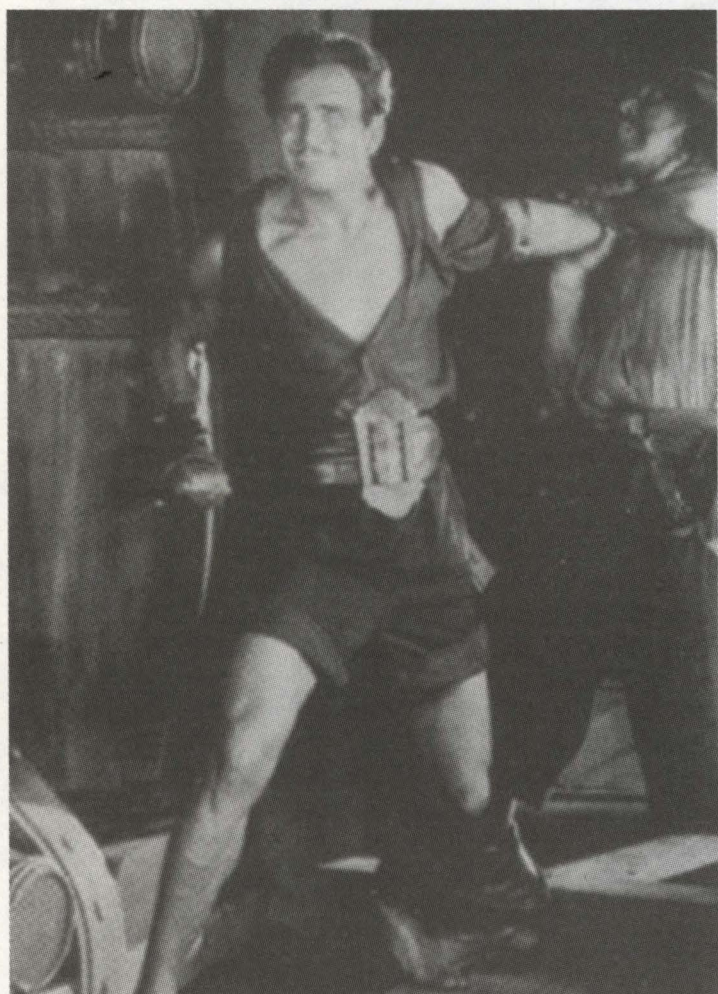
**Anthracite is Still the Most Economical Coal**



# Smithington & Reevesworth at the Picture Show

## The Black Pirate

Charles Reevesworth & Daisy Mae Smithington, Theatre-Going Cousins



A sailor has his ship attacked by pirates. In the fray, everyone is killed including his dear papa. He swears revenge and does so by joining the pirates and attempting to destroy them from the inside. It's silent high-seas adventure at its best!

### Reevesworth:

Being a well-travelled patron of the arts I have seen my fair share of pictures in my day. But let me tell you friend, *The Black Pirate* is something well worth seeing. From swashbuckling sword fights to cannon blasting combat on the high seas, this is certainly the best tale of daring-do and haberdashery I've ever seen.

I was accompanied to this fine picture with my cousin. Being a sweet, young, innocent young girl I was a little concerned about how she would react to all the looting, lampooning, and marooning of a full-blown pirate adventure. I figured she'd be hiding behind my powerful man arms in no time. But, friends, truth be told, I was the one who did most of the hiding! I could hardly watch when our hero, played by the dash-ing and debonair Douglas Fairbanks, knocked a dastardly pirate back onto a sword, running him through. I screamed like a school-marm and hid under my cousin's shawl.

Thankfully, in the end our hero is successful in defeating the pirates, getting revenge, and capturing the affections of the gorgeous Princess Isobel. Her beauty and grace reminded me of my fair cousin, oh how I'd love to fall for a girl like her one day. So pretty, and nice, and docile. What a lady! Anyway, *The Black Pirate* is the must see pirate film of the season.

### Smithington:

Golly, when my cousin chaperoned me to the picture film house this afternoon, I did not know I was going to see such a tale of debauchery. But I will tell you a secret. I thought the film was the cat's pyjamas! It was oh so realistic! Sometimes I felt like I was on that ship being held captive myself. Not that I think those types of things would be fun, gosh no. Just that the picture was so realistic. The musical score that went along with it was the bee's knees too! I could sway along with it when the picture was quiet and heartfelt, and close my eyes in terror when the film showed something offensive.

Now, most of the time I go to the picture shows, I have to go with my father, and he's a real downer, so when he suggested to me that my cousin take me, I was oh so excited! It was the first time I was allowed to go out without papa being there. And boy oh boy, did I fancy that! I tried to act both brave and ladylike inside the theatre, but I'll let you in on a secret and say that I was scared during the picture. There are scenes of kidnapping and murder, which are not meant for a young lady's eyes. And oh my, it was such a very violent picture. There were swordfights and gunfights too. When I returned home with my cousin to tell my father how I liked the film, he gave me an earful about being un-ladylike. But the film was a lollapalooza! You'd have to be a real Dumb Dora not to like it, so get your wiggle on and tail it to the theatre to see *The Black Pirate*.

# Gypsy Boy Django Prophesied To Become

## Worlds Greatest Jazz Guitarist

Brady Ehler, Random Sauced-Up Lunatic



All right, I know you're all thinkin' how is it some ofay gyp ragamuffin who 'aint barely off the teet gonna be on the up and up with the likes of Louis Armstrong, Jelly-Roll Morton, and Bix Biederbeck? Well, I'll tell ya. I was down Paris-way not too long ago, I was half-under at a seedy gin-joint called the Bal-Musette, I was looking to get me a quiff or two, but the music was on the level, and I look to the stage, and I see this gypsy brat playing the banjo, and he aint too bad, neither.

So, I'm standing there with my jaw hanging down to my knees, and this aging rag-a-muffin gyp broad eyes me, so she chuckles and tells me: that's little Jean Baptiste, but we call him Django and he's going to be the world's greatest jazz musician one day, the real McCoy. Right about then is when I got me the heebie-jeebies. Like I said, I was half over seas at the time but I look into the old Gyp's eyes and for a second, all of sudden I can see the Gypsy brat playing guitar back in New Orleans,

except he ain't no boy anymore and he's really hitting on all sixes, but for some reason he's only playing with two fingers on his left hand. Then the crone looks at me like she knows what I just seen, but she just keeps on saying what she was saying—and this was the real sockdollager—she tells me that before he'll become this great jazz player he'll burn his hand all to hell in a caravan fire. Right about then, I got another image, just like the last one. Now I was really getting the heebie-jeebies, so I was about to tell the old Gyp to go chase herself, when I get wise and realize she's a Madame, so I ask for a couple betties with big bubs.

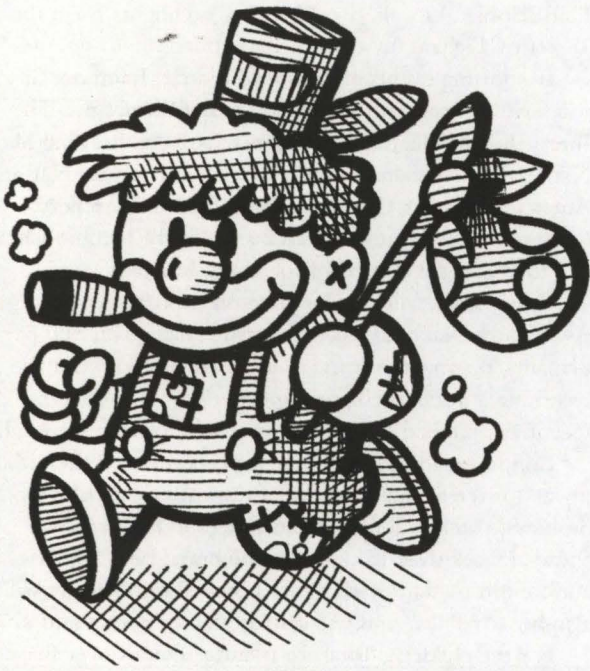
Look, I know this all sounds crazy, but you all know me. I'm on the level, I ain't one to be spreadin' no hokey-dogshit-nonsense about willy-nilly, but don't take my word for it, get wise, and keep an ear out for Django Rienhard.



## Hobo-ese

### Breaking the secret vagrant language

Skippy McDougallhoun OP Contributor



Hobos! The scourge of society. A black mark for good, decent, hard-working, and spirit-free Americans everywhere. What keeps this secret society secret is an insidious code: a series of icons that only these self-proclaimed "Knights of the Road" can read. Usually written in chalk or coal on a trestle, curb, fence, building, sidewalk, or signpost, these marks pass warnings and directions, helping vagrants everywhere take the first hop of the loop.

While undergoing my daily constitutional from the office to home, I have become increasingly confronted with more and more of these hieroglyphical signs, usually written in poor penmanship. Last month I asked my local flatfoot what one logo, a circle with a crude arrow drawn through it, meant. He simply shrugged, "Sorry, Charlie, it's bull to me."

My interest blossomed into obsession. I asked more and more people, but it seemed nobody could help me. Armed with a pack of Lucky's, I approached three hobos I saw warming their mitts by a flaming barrel in the old Winchester train yards. They gladly accepted the cigarettes, yet seemed dubious when I asked for some insights into their alphabet. I attempted to calm them by explaining who I was and who I wrote for. One of them exclaimed, "I know you! I've read your writing. This is the guy who wrote that the South Side should be turned into "Hobotown," and that we should be rounded up, names taken, relocated, and employed as forced labour in

exchange for bread! Now you're gonna get what's coming to you, Chum." Subsequently, they armed themselves with a board with a nail through it and chased me off.

The jig was up—or so it would seem. It dawned on me that the only way I could crack this code would be to adopt a pen name and pass myself off as a hobo. In preparation, I didn't shave, bathe, or change my clothes for a week. Last Monday, armed with a stick, a bandana, and a bonnet of my own fashion, I made my way back down to the Winchester yards in search of hobos. In time, I found two who were bound for Shelbyville by way of the old Shelbyville Express Track. I gave them my pseudonym (Scruffy McGee), explained I was new to being a hobo and was looking for some chums to travel with. They believed my story and I found my way off with nothing but hobo symbols to guide us.

My first companion was Corey "Cheese" Dupont, thusly named for his affec-

tion for yelling, "Cheese it, it's the coppers!" whenever our boys in blue were in the vicinity, regardless of whether the police were after them or not (which they never were—though they should be). My second companion's handle was "Cracklin' Sandy" (his knees crack constantly when he walks), who turned out to be none other than "Dandy" Sandy Sims, the ace spittleballer who was the bees knees for the Brooklyn Hilltoppers, Providence Clamdiggers, and Allentown Station Transfers in the old Congressional League of Baseball. It was sad to see how mighty this former knickerbocker, a real man-about-town, had fallen—but that's where booze and bearcats will get you. All in all, our pilgrimage to Shelbyville would take two days.

For the first few hours, Cracklin' Sandy kept me rapt with tales of conquest from the sporting world, along with a few tales of conquest of a more debauchorous nature. In due time, I was rewarded. We came across the same symbol of a circle with a crude arrow through it, written in chalk on a telephone poll. The arrow pointed to our left, and Cheese casually muttered, "Good thing we're not going that way." As it turns out, that's exactly what that symbol means: There's no use going that way. I was curious as to why we shouldn't go there, but Cheese wisely suggested that was something we didn't need to know.

"Somebody already made that mistake, Scruffy. That's why we mark it up."

Sage advice, I suppose.

The next symbol we came across was quite similar: a circle with an arrow attached to it. The arrow was pointing ahead, letting us know that it was safe to travel in the direction of Shelbyville. Shortly after we came upon another telephone pole—this one with two symbols. One indicated a good camping spot; while the other said sympathetic people were about. We set up camp by sitting down, and Cheese went in the indicated direction to find these sympathetic people. I asked him to note their names, so that I could repay their kindness. Naturally, I have actually let the authorities know of these confessed sympathants.

Cracklin' Sandy got a fire going, and we passed the evening with idle bull until we nodded off to sleep. Both Cheese and Cracklin' Sandy slept soundly and loudly (Cheese snores like the devil). I simply pined for my bed until the sun came up.

Once on our way again, we encountered more and more symbols: man with dog lives here, man with gun lives here, work available, and so forth. By the time we stopped to rummage through some garbage on the outskirts of Shelbyville, I had earned the trust and confidence of my cohorts. I produced a small pad of paper (which looked suitably aged and soiled), and asked Cracklin' Sandy to write out the symbols (I had told them that I would be pressing on to Nortonsburg after Shelbyville). He did so gladly, to which I replied, "Thanks, Chump!" and promptly made tracks to Roosevelt Station where I paid for a ticket back home. A three-hour train ride delivered me home, where I showered, changed, shaved, and had a wonderful dinner at Joe's on the corner of Pentworth and 5th Avenue.

With subversion of the highest order, we now bring you the hobo code in full. Upon consideration, I am not fully sure what we should do with this information, only that it must be used to bring about the fall of hobos everywhere.

## Canada Confident of the Future

CANADA is endeavoring to regain her after-the-war stride in the midst of many difficulties—debt, deflation and depression being some of them.

Quack remedies and academic theories beset her path on every side. Some suggest that our debt worries can best be eased by going further into debt. Others preach blue ruin, decry their own country and indulge in mischievous propaganda generally, while still others look for a new social order or some miraculous sign to indicate a better coming day—all this in apparent forgetfulness of the fact that just as there was no royal road to win the war, there is now no royal road to pay for it or regain our former buoyancy, vigor and confidence.

Some are leaving Canada hoping to escape taxation, only to find there is no escape anywhere. In seeking for easy remedies too many of us overlook the fact that the greatest remedy is honest, hard work faithfully and intelligently performed, accompanied by old-fashioned thrift. It takes time, it takes patience, it takes grit. But every Canadian knows in his heart that Canada is coming through all right.

### Our Experience Proves It

Look back over the path Canada has trod. The French Colonists, cut off from civilization by 3,000 miles of sea, faced a

continent—a wilderness—without the aid of even a biased trail. They had to fight savages, frosts, scurvy, loneliness, and starvation.

The United Empire Loyalists subdued an unbroken forest in one generation, growing their first wheat amid the stumps and snags of the new clearing.

The Selkirk settlers came to Manitoba when the prairie was a buffalo pasture, and grew wheat where none had grown before and where those who knew the country best at that time said wheat never would grow. To-day the Canadian prairies grow the finest wheat in the world.

In proportion to population Canada stands to-day among the wealthiest nations in the world, with average savings on deposit per family of \$920. Canada's foreign trade per head of population stands among the highest of the commercial nations, being \$192 per capita in 1922-23, as compared with \$135 in 1913-14, the "peak" year before the war.

### New Opportunities for Canada

In Canada, although prices in the world markets fell below war level, our farmers reaped last autumn the largest grain crop in Canadian history, and Canada became the world's largest exporter of wheat, thus in large measure making up for lower prices.

Last year, Great Britain, after an agitation extending over thirty years, removed the embargo on Canadian cattle, and a profitable and practically unlimited trade is opening up for Canadian stockers and feeders.

"The 20th Century belongs to Canada"—If Canadians keep faith.

The next article will suggest practical opportunities for profit making on our Canadian farms.

## Have Faith in Canada

Authorized for publication by the Dominion Department of Agriculture

W. R. MORTIMER WELLS, Minister.

DR. J. R. GIBSON, Deputy Minister.



## Welcome to Philadelphia Preparing for the 1926 Sesqui-Centennial Expo

Kevin Welsh, Features Editor



This year, millions of tourists will flock to the City of Brotherly Love for the 1926 Sesqui-Centennial Exposition, commissioned to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

The notion of the exposition was born in a meeting called by the Mayor of Philadelphia way back in November of 1920. This meeting led to the formation of the Committee of One Hundred, who chartered the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition Association. President Harding himself, with a feather-shaped pen carved from the wood of the yoke of the Liberty Bell, signed the Sesqui-Centennial Act. Since that fateful day, approximately \$26 million has been poured into the expo site on League Island. Slowly, yet surely, League Island has taken shape, and the expo, nicknamed "Rainbow City" due to the pastel colours used on the stucco buildings, is generating a buzz up and down the east coast.

Rainbow City has largely been erected in various palaces: The Palace of Agriculture and Food Products; The Palace of Machinery, Transportation, Mines, and

Metallurgy; The Palace of Education and Social Economy; The Palace of Liberal Arts and Manufacturers; The Palace of Fashion; and The Palace of Fine Arts. These palaces will play home to 34 participating nations and 37 states and territories, each of whom are trying to outdo the others in a quest for a truly spectacular display.

Sparing little in terms of cost and labour, some of the displays promise to be simply stunning. Japan's display will include the Imperial Art Treasures. Great Britain has secured 50,000 sq. ft. of space in The Palace of Liberal Arts and will include the Royal Worcester and Royal Doulton China. Romania has erected a two-story Peasant House, while the Persian Pavilion has a reproduced ancient building from Persepolis with ancient manuscripts from the middle ages. Not to be outdone, Spain has built a replica of the Tower of Gold of Seville, complete with a moat and a replica of the Castillo de Guadamar drawbridge, which will house Queen Isabella's Jewel Casket. Surely, none will be as spectacular as India's pavilion: a reproduction of the Taj Mahal.

Of course, the good old US of A means to be well represented. Oklahoma has built a scale replica of the state capitol (at a cost of \$100,000). California has erected an old Spanish Mission, while the Kansas Pavilion is in the shape of a sunflower. Not content with simply building a pavilion, Mississippi has also built a railway, where the "Know Mississippi Train" will shuttle visitors to and from the pavilion. Meanwhile, the Virgin Islands are sending the good ship "Vigilant," an old pirate schooner.

Visitors will enter Rainbow City by passing underneath a mammoth, 70-foot replica of the Liberty Bell, designed by engineers at the Washington Electric and Manufacturing Company. Two 55-foot pylons will support the bell, themselves surmounted by colossal figures the organizers are calling, "Heralds of the New Dawn." Once inside the gate, visitors will be treated to much more than pavilions.

The Court of Honor is home to the Tower of Liberty,

a 200-foot high structure that can be seen from most of Philadelphia. As well, two 62-inch searchlights form the Tower of Light.

If sporting events are more your style, Rainbow City will have plenty to offer over the next few months. The International Billiards Championships, National Dog Show, National Golf Championship, Davis Cup Tennis, National Amateur Bicycling Championships, National Archery Championships, National Track and Field Championships, and the National Baseball Federation Amateur Championships will all take place on exposition grounds. As well, the National Air Races will feature over 500 participants, the most ever in aviation competition. But the crowning jewel in the sporting event crown will be the recently scheduled Jack Dempsey-Gene Tunney prizefight.

Composer John Philip Souza has composed the official music for the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition, and Leopold Stokowski will lead The Philadelphia Orchestra in two shows a week over 16 weeks in the brand new, 20,000-seat auditorium. A sign of things to come, Rainbow City will also host "talkies" and will display electric refrigerators.

For the children, Treasure Island provides over five acres of amusement, complete with fairy-tale characters and miniature train, boat, and airplane rides. For the adult thrill-seeker, The Gladway is home to the entertainment sector and covers over 80 acres. Joy rides include the Missouri Mule, Skooter, Tumble Bug, and Bob's Coaster. Making their debut at the expo is the Cyclone, a large, wooden roller coaster, and The Jazz Railway, a smaller, steel coaster.

Six years in the making, the 1926 Sesui-Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia promises to be a can't miss exhibit for the entire family and a roaring success for the city of Philadelphia. The gates open on June 1 and will close after the last day on November 30.

## Flop! What went wrong at Rainbow City?

Kevin Welsh, Features Editor

Flop—the last word any promoter, investor, or organizer wants to hear. Yet that's exactly what everybody in Philadelphia is saying now that the 1926 Sesqui-Centennial Exposition has come to an end.

At a cumulative price tag of \$26 million dollars, Rainbow City had promised to be spectacular. And while it was, not nearly enough people showed up to experience it, despite the fact that more than half the population of the USA lives within a 500-mile radius of Philadelphia.

Of course, the official purpose of the exposition was to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence—and it was a grand party. Yet, it is the bottom line that investors and promoters will always look at.

Organizers had planned on a daily attendance of 200,000 peo-

ple, for a grand total of 40 million visitors over the course of the exposition. In the six months that Rainbow City was open, a total of only 6 million people attended.

Congress, which appropriated \$2,186,500 for Federal participation, is among those who want some answers, as do many residents of Philadelphia, who feel the reputation of the City of Brotherly Love has been tarnished.

Organizers are quick to point fingers at the unlucky bout of weather Philadelphia has incurred—it rained for more than half the days the exposition was opened. Others have suggested people stayed away because nobody knew what Sesqui-Centennial meant, and therefore were afraid of it.





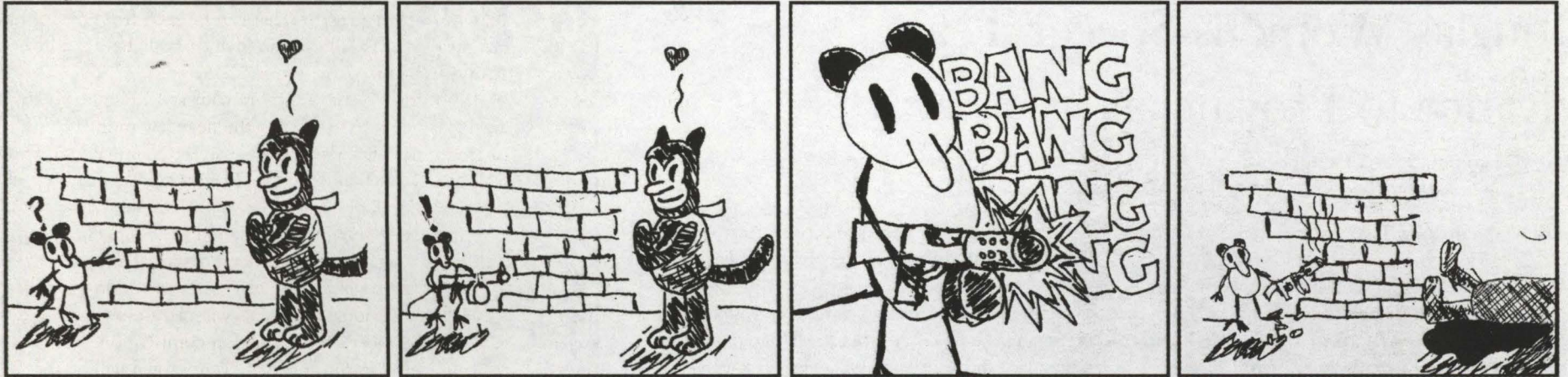
# Funny Pages

19

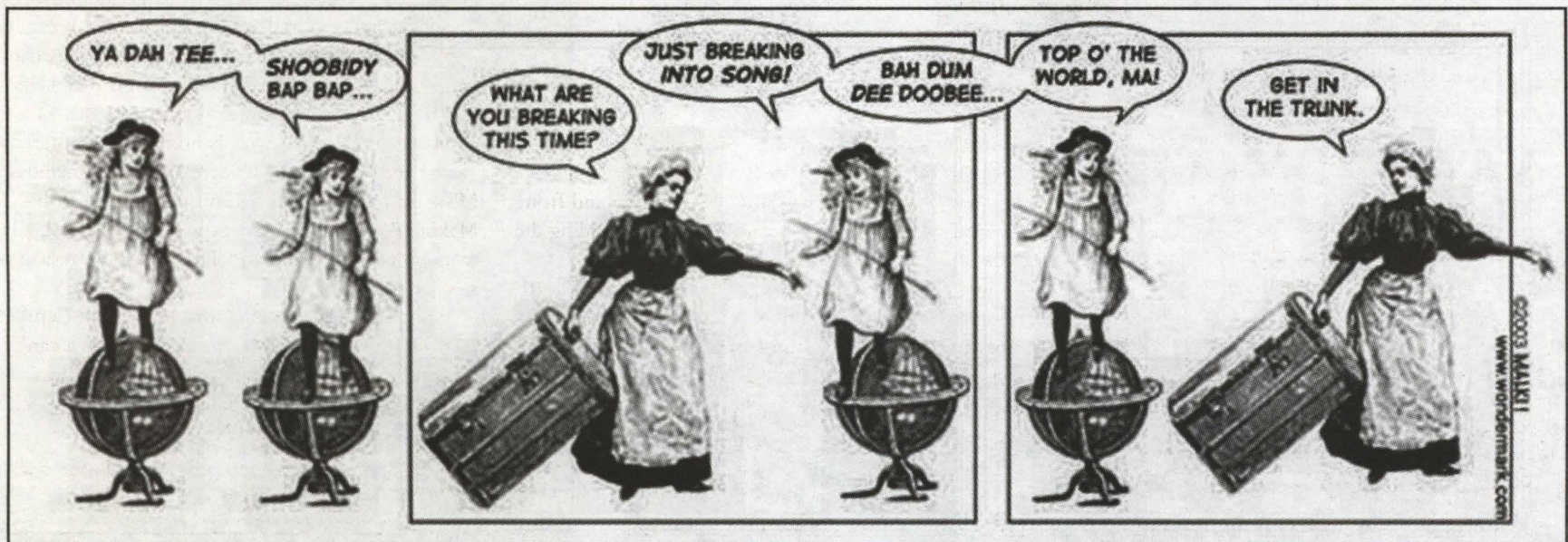
Crazy Cat and Iggy Mouse

Major Studio Production by Vince Yim

<http://majorstudioproduction.blogspot.com>



with apologies to George Harriman





# SPORTS

mclennonb@douglas.bc.ca

20

## Dames go to the Big Dance! Douglas Womans Soccer Team advance to Provincials

Brian McLennon, Sports Editor

Not to be out done by the men's team, the Douglas Women's team had a foot in the door for the BCCAA Provincial Championships this weekend in Kamloops. After a heartbreaking 3-0 loss to TRU on Saturday, the women need to win and win big in order to secure a playoff position. Tied with the Capilano Blues for the fourth and final playoff spot, the women knew they needed goals and a lot of them to increase their chances of securing a berth. Playing with a sense of urgency, the women out


played the Okanagan Lakers and came away with a 10-0 win and in the process secured the final playoff spot.

Next, the soccer teams will head to Kamloops to compete in the BCCAA Provincial Championships taking place this weekend at Thompson Rivers University. The women play the Langara Falcons Saturday, October 29 at 11:00am, while the men take on the Malaspina Mariners at 2:00pm.


## WRITE For The Other Press

Contributors wanted. Please send articles and/or questions to the editor: [othereditor@yahoo.ca](mailto:othereditor@yahoo.ca)






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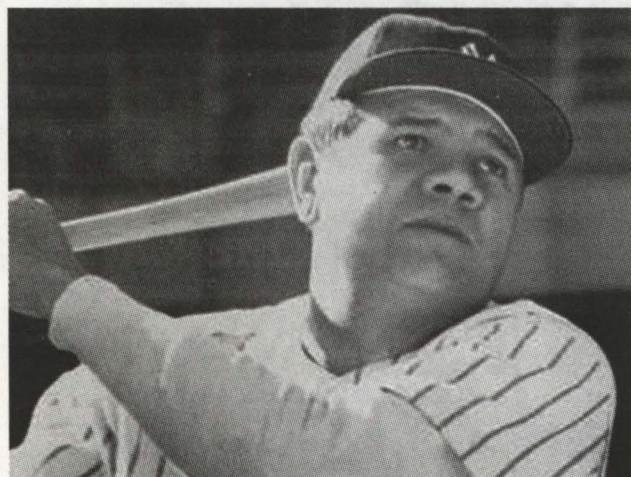
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## Bambino is Bad News Red Sox Better Without Ruth's Shenanigans

Tad Henderson, Baseball Correspondent



With the move of Babe Ruth from Boston to New York far behind us, Red Sox fans can rest assured that better things are ahead. While it is true the Sox have finished last in the American League in the years since Ruth's departure, there are still many reasons to be glad to be rid of him.

We knew in Boston that Ruth was more trouble than he was worth. A carouser, a drunk, a womanizer, and a hot head, Ruth had as many run-ins with the local police as he did with umpires at Fenway Park. This was emphasized recently when Ruth ignored an MLB decision to bar World Series players from participating in exhibition games, a decision which earned him a six-week suspension. Upon his return he was suspended again for three games after arguing with an umpire and yelling at a fan. This is the type of behaviour Bostonians would not put up with!

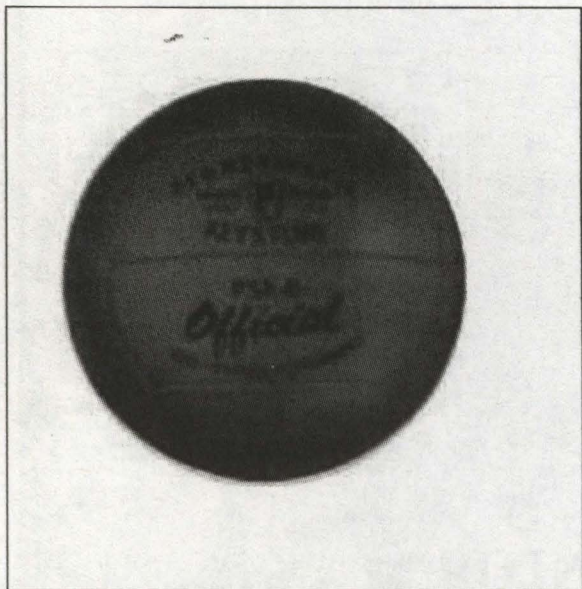
While one could easily point to the rather impressive year Ruth had in '21, it is clear it wasn't enough as the Yankees were not able to capture the Pennant. And while New York fans will have to be shouldered with the responsibility of caring for this overgrown buffoon, the fans in Boston will have a rebuilt team in no time that will certainly have many prosperous seasons and World Series victories in its future.



# Men's Soccer

## Attaboy Cameron!

Brian McLennon, Sports Editor



The Royal City men's soccer team raised quite a ruckus this weekend in the final week of league play in the British Columbia Colleges' Athletic Association (BCCAA) by dominating the Wolfpack of Thompson Rivers University (TRU) and the Lakers of Okanagan.

In their last home games of the season, the Royals walked away with a 5-1 win over TRU on Saturday and then went on to defeat Okanagan by a score of 8-0 on Sunday. The victories showed the fans and skeptics why you should never count Douglas out. The men have won five of their last six games.

With a second-place league finish within grasp, the Royals were like fast dogs on a quick track, lead by flashy forward Cameron Wilson. The North Delta native was the big cheese last weekend; he netted eight goals for the Royals. It was one of the most hair-raising performances witnessed in the Royals' men's soccer program in many years. After a iffy start to the season, with every shot seemingly finding the

crossbar, goal post, or the goal keeper, the rookie has finally found his mark...and what a better time to do so.

The Royals will head to Kamloops this weekend to participate in BCCAA Provincial Championships and will face a tough and hard nose Malaspina Mariners squad from Nanaimo. Probably the eyebrow raisers of the season, the Mariners have been the only team to defeat the league leading Capilano Blues. In two meetings with Douglas this season, the teams split the series 1-1. The Royals will have to be prepared for tough game.

## Douglas Tomato Rugby Sing the Blues

Dave Pearcey, OP Contributor

### Premier: Douglas 5 Capilano 35

It was the first real test for this year's team, and it came at an inopportune time as circumstances dictated that this was their first game in a month.

The Premier ladies fought hard in the first half, and trailed only by 5-8, with Vickie Fullerton scoring a hard-earned try for the visitors to Klahanie Park.

In the 2nd half, Capilano took control, led by Canada U-23 players Aidan McKinnon and Mandy Marchak. Capilano scored early on a lucky break off of a mis-kicked ball and the floodgates opened after that. Mental errors and mistakes made under intense pressure from the Capilano defenders contributed greatly to the final result.

### 1st Division: Douglas 46 Capilano 5

Douglas continued to dominate at the 1st Division level, even without injured flyhalf Candace Barry. Tanya Leigh took over as the "quarterback" of the squad, and scored the first try of the match within the first 60 seconds.

Other first half tries came from Melissa Klein (2) and Courtney Persson. Three converts by stand-in Brenna Glover gave the visitors a 26-0 lead at the half.

Klein completed her hat trick after the break, to go along with tries by Lexy McKinnon and Liz Robbins (on an 80 metre jaunt). Glover added another conversion and a penalty kick. The team remains undefeated and in first place.

### 2nd Division: Douglas 34 SFU 0

The 2nd Division team also retained their unbeaten record with a shutout over rival SFU.

Flyhalf Rikkilee Jones scored twice, as did Elisha Walker. Whitney Sousa and Nikki Jackman added quality tries, while Raenne Galuska put two kicks through the uprights.

## Upcoming Games

November 2-8, 2005

Friday, November 4

Basketball Vs. Malaspina @ New West Campus-Women: 6pm,

Men: 8pm

Volleyball @ Malaspina, Nanaimo, BC-Women: 6:30pm, Men: 8pm

Saturday, November 5

Basketball Vs. Malaspina @ New West Campus-Women: 2pm,

Men: 4 pm

Volleyball @ Malaspina, Nanaimo, BC-Women: 2pm, Men: 3:30pm

Women's Rugby:

Premier @ Burnaby-Burnaby, BC-1pm

Div.I Vs. JBAA-TBA-11:30am

Div.II Vs. Comox-Queens Park-2:00pm

Men's Rugby:

1st Division Vs. Brit-Lions-2:30pm

2nd Division Vs. Brit-Lions-1:00pm

3rd Division Vs. Chuckanut-11:30am

Sunday, November 6

Women's Rugby:

Div.II Vs. Comox-Queens Park-2:00pm

Monday, November 7

Men's Basketball Vs. University of Alaska-Fairbanks, Fairbanks, AK-7:00pm

Tuesday, November 8


Men's Basketball Vs. University of Alaska-Fairbanks, Fairbanks, AK-7:00pm



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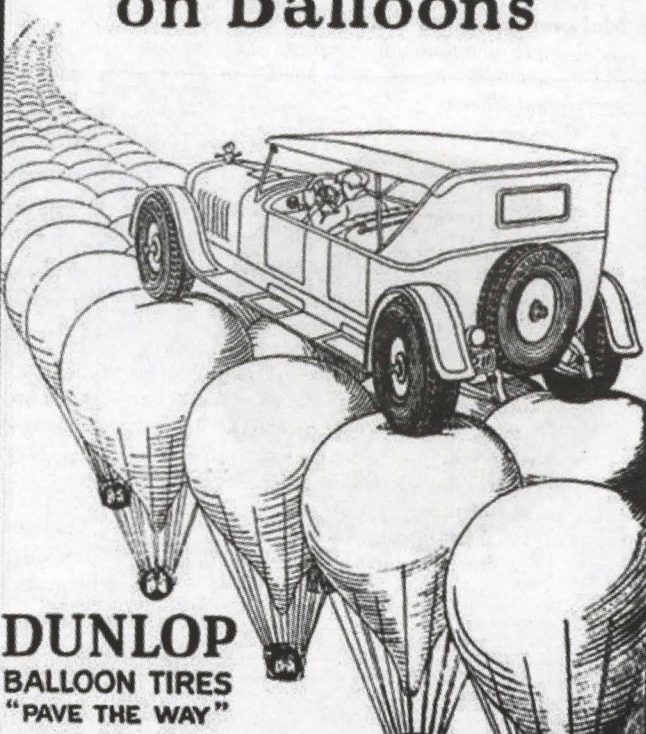
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Classified pictures are \$10 each printing. The picture size is 3.5cm x 2.5cm, black and white.

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All ads must be received by Thursday to be published in the following Wednesday's paper. Check your ad for errors and please call or email our offices to report any corrections. To ensure the integrity of our student newspaper, we reserve the right to revise, reclassify, edit, or refuse your ad.

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### For Rent

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#### Room for rent

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### I Saw You

I saw you at WPNCUP. You were sleeping and I was snapping photos. You are an overreactive wang-on who should learn to take a joke. Boo hoo, you got picked on. Life sucks, get a helmet. See ya back in Ritzville.

### Services

Tutor/Proofreader (Ph.D) \$25/hour for essays, thesis, etc. 604.837.1016 or [editor888@hotmail.com](mailto:editor888@hotmail.com).

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Vancouver Support group for stutterers. Every alternate Friday, 7-9pm. Room 4310, New West campus. For more info, contact Mary Rose Labandelo: 604.526.1735

### Wanted

OPTions for Sexual Health (formerly Planned Parenthood) is looking for volunteers to assist on the Facts of Life Line, a toll-free, confidential, sexual health information and referral resource line. Call 604.731.4552 ext. 224, or visit [www.optionsforsexualhealth.com](http://www.optionsforsexualhealth.com).

AVID HALO 2 PLAYER. Need to have Halo2 game and XBOX Live. Please contact by email. Jamie Campbell. [JamieCampbell12345@hotmail.com](mailto:JamieCampbell12345@hotmail.com)

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Colin Miley: Managing Editor

Here is my favorite hand-written chain letter from the past seven days, followed by my reply. It was mailed to me by one Charles Ponzi, often called "The Father of the Pyramid scheme."

## I ♥ Chain Letters

Dear Investor:

Investment opportunity! You'd be off your nuts to overlook this postage bonanza!

I wrote a man in Spain regarding the proposed magazine and in reply received an international exchange coupon which I was to exchange for American postage stamps with which to send a copy of the publication. The coupon in Spain cost the equivalent of about one cent in American money, I got six cents in stamps for the coupon here. Then I investigated the rates of exchange in other countries. I tried it in a small way first. It worked. The first month \$1,000 became \$15,000. I began letting in my friends. First I accepted deposits on my note, payable in ninety days, for \$150 for each \$100 received. Though promised in ninety days I have been paying in forty-five days.

For more information on this blue-chip opportunity, write to me, Charles Ponzi, at:

PO Box 17  
2323 Westminster Drive,  
Hollywood, California  
90210

Dear Charles:

Wowsers and galloping galoshes! Are you, perchance, the Charles Ponzi of Montreal, Canada? It's me, "Irish" Colin O'Mally. We dug ditches together outside of Quebec City while you were serving a nickel for rubber cheques. I was the tall guy with the red hair, always cavorting with the negroes and selling 'shine to those Lorry-loving guards.

Now I've seen some snake-oil salesmen, flim-flam men, charlatans, and mountebanks in my days here on God's green Earth Charles, but stamp collecting swindles? Jeepers creepers! Tell it to Sweeney! I'm hip to your jive, you Darb you. You're off your nuts!

You try this crap-o-la on me again, and I'll take you for ride, give ya the bum's rush, and put you on the Lam faster than you can "the Real McCoy." Whaddya take me for, a Rube? You Ethel!

I gotta go iron my shoelaces after all that coffin varnish I been swillin',  
-"Irish" Colin O'Malley, Managing Editor and Drugstore Cowboy,  
The Other Press

## Last Call

Amanda Aikman, OP Columnist



Last Call

Amanda Aikman, OP Columnist  
Dear Amanda,

I need your advice. I've been stepping out with this swell bell bottom lately. He's absolutely the berries! He takes me dancing, buys me spiffy clothes, and he always has the best hooch. The problem is my girlfriends keep telling me he's a no good palooka and that he's only after one thing. Every time I go out with him, my friends give me such a hard time. It's become so troublesome that I've

taken to sneaking around and hiding my relationship from them in order to avoid their criticisms.

I don't want to lose my friends, but I'm absolutely goofy over my sweetheart and I simply can't give him up. The whole situation is absolutely horesefeathers and I've just about had an earful of those Dumb Doras. How can I get them to pipe down so I don't have to choose between my baby and my pals?

Sincerely,  
The Balled-up Flapper

Dear Balled up,

Sounds to me like your wet-blanket gal pals are what your great grandchildren will one day refer to as "player haters." I say, if you feel like this sailor of yours is the Real McCoy, you should tell your girlfriends to scram. After all, he's the one taking you dancing and buying you the clothes and the hooch. What have your girlfriends done for you lately? Judged you, offended you, and made you feel like you need to choose between them and your sweetie? Who needs that? Not you, my friend.

Nope, because, you see, you've got a fella. Perhaps if

those pills you call friends had fellas of their own, they'd spend less time worrying about your relationship, and more time focusing on their own.

If you're not willing to cut your friends loose yet, however, another option is to see if that bell bottom of yours has a few buddies with some shore leave saved up. If you could convince your "friends" to get dolled up in their glad rags and attend a petting party with you, your fella, and his shipmates, perhaps they'd lighten up and have some fun of their own. Who knows, you could soon be hitting every speakeasy in town with your gal gang in tow.

Or, you could try slipping a little of your baby's bootleg into your fuddy-duddy friends' tea. Maybe, once they're jazzed up on the giggle water, they won't be so quick to judge your comings and goings.

Of course, if that doesn't pan out either, you could always give up your sweetie and spend your evenings comparing cross-stitches and raining on other people's parades with your girlfriends. Not exactly a nifty alternative is it? That's why you should do what's right for you, not what's right for your friends.

Sincerely,  
Amanda Aikman





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